

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844

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THE AUTOCRACY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

BY FREDERIC HARRISON

IF it should prove that Great Britain fails to defeat Kaiserism, and thereby ceases to be Great Britain—at least, to be the British Empire—the cause of failure will be our superstitious belief in a House of Commons as the only possible government in war. To Britons that house has become a sacred fetish in which they put absolute faith, and which they vaunt as the principle of democracy. As the German race are ready to sacrifice their nation to the army, their Kaiser, and *kultur*, as Irishmen seem ready to sacrifice Ireland to revenge, so Britons will see England go down rather than doubt the collective wisdom of Parliament. All our disasters and our blunders can be ultimately traced to this: that from the inveterate tradition of centuries we put trust in the majesty of Parliament we can only think Parliamentarily, and look to Parliamentary tactics as the road to victory. It would be idle to raise an academic argument about Parliamentary government in peace and normal times. In war and in revolution, I say, it means disaster, confusion, ruin. And we are in war and in revolution.

Against this it will be said that Parliament is being gagged, misled,
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and ignored by ministers. There are indeed loud outcries about the tyranny of the dictator of the hour, criticism silenced, and information refused. But this is no real answer. Prime Minister, War Council, Cabinet, and Ministers, however much invested with arbitrary power, exercise their office under rigid conditions of Parliamentary tactics. The tone of the House of Commons, party combinations, divisions, and whips, are ever in their minds and govern their decrees. Be the nominal head of the Government Asquith or Lloyd George—as it might be with Henderson—his policy is framed to meet what the House will say, or want, or do. Mr. Lloyd George is in no sense a real dictator. At any rate, he is living from day to day at the mercy of a hostile division, as Clemenceau is not, as Wilson is not—much less as Hindenburg is not. Hindenburg finds the Reichstag useful to blow off steam. Clemenceau is master of the Chamber, as Wilson is far more master of Congress. Even the power of the press, which is so often denounced, acts by and through the House of Commons.

In the six years before the war,

when Asquith, Grey, and Haldane knew that a tremendous attack from Germany was inevitable, why did they not make full preparations to meet it? Because they dared not face the House of Commons. When the blow came in 1914, why did they not call the nation to arms? The House was still under the intoxication of 'Peace, Retrenchment, Home Rule.' When the nation forced them into conscription, why did they not include Irishmen? The Nationalist Party were masters of the Parliamentary situation. When all the vital problems of Suffrage, Education, House of Lords, Agriculture, and Finance were mooted, why was the one thought to conciliate the rival factions in the House, instead of trusting the real sense of the nation, which detested most of these factions? When, a year ago, it became certain that the enemy would have enormous fresh resources, why was nothing done? Because the House would not like to do anything! When in a panic they sought to raise an unprecedented age of service, why did they bethink them of Irish conscription *plus* Irish Home Rule?

Why? Because it seemed a good House of Commons bar to opposition. And when conscription in Ireland raised a storm, why was an Irish secretary appointed — for the very reason that he had voted against it? Because it would reassure Mr. Dillon and his friends, and bring them back to Westminster where their presence seemed so much desired! No! In this world war, in this world revolution, Britain has no dictator; no Government; no statesmen at all. Why not? Because the House of Commons makes it impossible. We have able, patriotic, eloquent, devoted public men, who were bred in the atmosphere of St. Stephen's — that mephitic hall of muddle, talk, and compromise —

men who never see their country, Europe, or the world unless under the historic eye of Mr. Speaker. Our most famous Parliamentary Ministers — Walpole, North, W. Pitt, Gladstone — in European policy led us into a series of disasters. We were only successful in war when men like Cromwell, Churchill, Chatham, and Wellington broke the Parliamentary fetters. There is no one to deliver us from it now. The old humdrum Parliamentary machine — with weeks of futile debate, questions, committees, intrigues, busybodies, Paul Prys, and envious traitors — has to go rumbling along, though our men die and food ships sink.

So, too, the Irish dilemma is mainly due to the superstition which surrounds the name of Parliament. To the average Briton Parliament is a sort of terrestrial Providence — a heaven to which patriotic souls may ascend to glory. A glamour of mundane omnipotence gilds it. When Mr. Gladstone proposed Home Rule for Ireland, very wisely, as most of us thought, but identified this with the ambiguous term of Parliament, Irishmen and too many Britons, Australians, and Americans took this to mean the practical autonomy and independent supremacy of an Irish House of Commons. All Parliaments within the British Empire have real independence with only a formal suzerainty. To the average Briton the idea of any Parliament being subordinate to another Parliament was a paradox. Mr. Gladstone and his party might reiterate with cogent eloquence that the new Parliament in Dublin was quite an understudy to the old Parliament in Westminster. To the Irish this seemed only meant to save Mr. Gladstone's face and to ease the Gladstonian conscience; but that, in fact and for the future, a

Parliament in Dublin really meant the national independence of Ireland. And the more familiar the idea of a Dublin Parliament became to Britons, to Ulster, to our Colonies, and abroad, the more readily it settled down to the idea of Irish independence — which, as Euclid says, 'is absurd.'

Of course, the believers in Parliamentary parties will cry out that all this means a military dictatorship for autocracy, and rank Prussianism. To charge me with anything of the kind, who for fifty years now have denounced all forms of aggression, warlike adventures, and absolutism, would be ridiculous. A veteran republican in principle, a fervent advocate for a real popular government and the root principle of the purse strings being in the absolute control of representatives of the Nation, I have never been false to this faith for an hour. But I have always repudiated the autocracy vested in the House of Commons — and I have always held up the American as a far wiser type of government. In such war — such revolution — as this, I see that our venerable formulas about Hampden, Pym, Somers, Pitt, and Fox are leading us straight to ruin. I make no charge against our public men. They are doing their best in the system in which they were bred. It is the obsolete system which is at fault. I join in no factious cry. I only say this: In the death grapple of the nation there must be *one* head; in a world war strategy belongs to trained soldiers — not to orators.

The report of Lord Bryce on a Second Chamber (Cd. 9038) is a most able document which will have permanent interest and great authority. By cruel chance it appears in a time of military crisis and of a whirligig at home, so that no immediate effect can be given, though it well deserves

to be studied, even in mid-revolution as we are. Ever since 1906 I have constantly written and spoken on this problem, and in March, 1910, I published an elaborate scheme of reform, which, with one essential difference, runs parallel to the proposals of the conference. The points of identity in these two schemes are these: (1) A chamber of 300; (2) having different sections by different modes of elections; (3) all on the proportional system; (4) with one small section from the present House of Peers; (5) the principal section to be chosen by electors of local areas; (6) the sections sitting for different terms of years; (7) the present rules as to all financial questions to be retained and improved; (8) differences between the two Houses to be settled by joint conference. All of these points are most ably discussed in the report, which is especially cogent in respect to the functions and the elements of a Second Chamber; on indirect election; on proportional election; on territorial areas for electoral bodies; on finance; and on maintenance of those traditional elements which are compatible with modern democracy. All this is excellent and convincing.

The points on which I propose to offer criticism are these: (1) The election of eighty-one Peers, including five bishops; (2) payment of salaries to Senators; (3) election by the House of Commons in geographical groups; (4) settlement of differences between the two Houses, not by aggregate voting of a two-thirds majority, but by conferences of sixty members of the two Houses, and finally 'by the House of Commons alone.' Of these points Nos. (1) and (2) are subordinate; but Nos. (3) and (4) would reduce the Second Chamber to be a mere appendage and creature of the First Chamber, and thus would fall

back on the one-chamber system, however much disguised.

The retention in a Second Chamber of an element from the present House of Lords is a sound principle and is forcibly argued in Section 26 of Lord Bryce's report. But the retention of eighty-one Peers, including five Bishops, and these to be jointly selected by the two Houses, is excessive in number, and nugatory as a maintenance of historic continuity. The scheme I propounded in 1910 gave fifty Senators to be elected by the House of Lords — being Peers, Commoners, or ecclesiastics of any Church. By this method probably one-third of those chosen would not be Peers — and the Peers who were elected would be chosen not as Peers but as statesmen. The suggestion of salaries to the new Senators is a sorry concession to democratic greed.

But the proposed selection of three-fourths of the Second Chamber by the First Chamber voting by panels, and the final decision of differences 'by the House of Commons alone,' takes the heart out of the Senate as a moderating power and would make it a hollow echo of the People's House. In admirable words of mature wisdom Lord Bryce in Section 1 of his report urges that a Second Chamber should be 'different in type and composition from the popular Assembly,' that it should have 'strength sufficient to act as a moderating influence in the conduct of national affairs.' What 'difference in type,' what 'moderating influence' would be left to a Chamber which at every stage is elected more or less by the other House? The House of Commons is to choose three-fourths; the other fourth is to be chosen by *joint* committees; differences are to be settled by *joint* conferences, and finally by the House of Commons. What freedom, what

character, what influence, what efficiency would be left to a House so controlled by its great neighbor, as a Russian Rada or a Rumanian monarchy is under the heel of a German General?

All this is the one-chamber plan, saving the face of the historic House. Was it not Lord Grey who said that 'single-chamber was damnation'? In less vigorous language I venture to put in a plea for the one plank of conservative force left in the wreck of our ancient constitution. My canons in 1910 were:

1. That hereditary legislation is effete.
2. That a real and strong Senate is a *sine qua non* of legislation and of government.
3. That its title must be personal merit and elective choice.

Above all, it must be chosen by a body different from the House of Commons, and I proposed election by the County Councils in proportion to their constituencies. The essence of a Senate is to bring a moderating and critical judgment on the measures of a democratic House. In order to be a revising force at all it must have different men, of a different order, chosen by a different order of electors. And so some of the ablest members of the conference seem to think. The good sense of Englishmen will hold to the principle of a Second Chamber differing from the first in origin and in constitution, with real power, not only to delay, but to moderate the legislation of the First Chamber.

But at present the discussion is purely academic, and this masterly report of a great jurist and diplomat will sink, we fear, into the lethal limbo of Parliamentary papers. In the revolutionary wave that is sweeping over Britain, there seems little prospect of a reformed Second Chamber

on this or any other plan. The still calm voice of reason will not be heard amid the roar of millions of voices of men and women adoring omnipotent Democracy — in unison. All the signs now point to this: that the new House of Commons, with twenty millions of voters, half of them untried and ignorant in politics, will suffer nothing to come between the wind and their autocracy. Why should a House of Commons be 'the People' — the sole representative of Democracy — and a Chamber, equally elected on the score of merit by popular representa-

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tives, be treated as an antique incubus? While a House of Lords remains that might be so. But when the hereditary Chamber is superannuated by common consent, as all serious reformers agree, a true Senate, elected by chosen representatives of the people, would be no less really the voice of the nation — indeed, as we see in America and in France, might be the more mature and considered voice of the nation. Democracy! What sophisms, what follies, what crimes are committed in thy hallowed name!

THE GERMAN CREED AND THE AEROPLANE

BY HAROLD F. WYATT

IN the play of that destiny in whose grasp is the human race we stand like children at the door of a theatre, filled with eagerness, and consumed indeed with an unchildish anxiety, but ignorant as infants of the scenes which we are about to witness.

Yet amidst all uncertainties, certain points of crucial moment stand out, points which must be as pivots of our reasoning and of our preparation in regard to the future. Of these the first is that to make peace with Germany, as Germany is now, is impossible. Why impossible? Because it is beyond our power. We could indeed arrange, by abandoning all the main aims for which our men have fought and died, a momentary cessation of hostilities, which, if we liked, we might term a peace. But as you cannot change a black beetle into a grand

piano by calling it one, so you cannot convert a very brief interlude in a prodigious process of strife into a real peace by giving it that appellation.

The motives animating the military rulers of Germany have now been fully revealed to the world. Those rulers are seen to be definitely bent on the conquest of mankind. As they view the future of the inhabitants of this planet, the freedom of nations and, in a sense, nations themselves are to cease to exist. There is to be but one independent and governing entity, namely, Germany. All peoples other than the German are to be either her satellites or her slaves. This is at once a prodigious conception and yet one of a nature essentially sordid, squalid, and groveling. It is like a body without a soul. It is like a German. Yet as acts show thoughts, we

may be absolutely sure that there is in Germany a clique of governing military chiefs, numbering among them such persons as the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, Hindenburg and Ludendorff, Bernhardt, Reventlow, and Tirpitz, who have long definitely embraced this aim and who are now definitely pursuing it. We must admit that these men have shown the possession of certain qualities which must command, not indeed respect, for that word hardly applies, but deep attention. They know exactly what they want. They adopt precisely the means best calculated in their opinion to secure it. Doubt and hesitation, far less scruple, as regards the goal which they hope to attain are unknown to them. As to the proper steps to be taken at particular junctures they may sometimes be temporarily perplexed. But as to the end in view they entertain no doubt at all. And vicarious sacrifice is as the breath of their being. The slaughter of millions is no more to them than is to a chess player the movement of a pawn. Watching the unfolding process of their purpose, we cannot conceive that they would recoil, were half the population of Germany itself to perish, provided they knew, or believed they knew, that by such destruction that purpose could be fulfilled.

The existence of such a group of human beings — proved as that existence is, by enormous evidence, by the red flame of burning towns, by the thunder of innumerable cannon, by the agony of millions, by intrigue and lying and plot and murderous crime sustained through long years prior to as well as during this war — is a tremendous fact without any complete parallel in history. There have been other would-be conquerors, as Alexander and Attila, Philip the

Second and Napoleon. But their deeds, their ambitions, and their ruthlessness pale by comparison. After all, they were human, and these Germans are non-human. Perhaps Attila approaches most nearly to them, but he was little better than a savage. In another aspect, the Spanish King, profoundly inferior though he was to them in ability, yet resembles them in something. He was a bigot. He had a creed. And they are bigots. They have a creed. It is as definite as any Christian formula, and they hold it as firmly as any articles of faith were ever held by any divines. They believe that the German people is the chosen people, chosen by destiny, chosen by fact, chosen and led by that strange adumbration, the German tribal god. This German race is superior (according to this belief) in mind, character, education, and achievement to all other races that either exist now or ever have existed. To compel practical recognition of this certainty by other nations is not merely justifiable. It is an imperative, primary duty. In actuality this recognition can only be secured by victorious war, bringing with it the subjection of all other races. To make this war and to attain this result are the objects for which they live. They are here, in this world, for that. Their mission is to spread the rule and the system of Germany, which last they call their kultur, over the whole earth. The death of millions or tens of millions of men, women, and children who may have the wicked presumption to stand in their path and either actively or passively to oppose them, is at once an insignificant episode and a just Nemesis. As for the sum of suffering and misery necessarily involved, that is an irrelevant consideration which could weigh only with

the weak — and they are not weak.

Though the component articles of the above creed have often been pointed out before, to put them together is nevertheless well worth while, first, because the whole is greater than its part, and next because to realize fully the fact that this is the German religion, profoundly and passionately professed not only by the small group of military rulers, but also in the main by the vast majority of the inhabitants of the German empire, is absolutely essential to any intelligent treatment of the possibility of peace. As between the rulers and the ruled there is of course the difference between sacrifice made by others and sacrifice made by one's self. The distinction is somewhat poignant, yet it is but dimly apprehended by the German people. They feel indeed acutely, as they could not but feel, the load laid on themselves, but they are deaf and blind to the fact that those who lay this burden on them, those who half starve them and who turn their bodies into food or into manure, avoid in their own persons the horrors which they impose on others. There can be no more final proof of the immanence of the German creed in the German heart than the demonstrated readiness of the German masses to become 'cannon fodder' for the sake of Germany. Never in all the ages have any devotees displayed a more complete fanaticism. The slaves of old, the slaves, say, of the Rome of Augustus, obeyed circumstance and environment. They obeyed, they served, because they could not help it. It has been reserved for modern times to invent a form of slavery incomparably more potent. For the Germans are slaves not merely in body, but in mind.

Those who care to try to look ahead

into the future of this struggling world will see in that circumstance and in its causes the most appalling danger to the far-distant hopes of the human race. For what the Prussian military caste has really done is to show by experiment the possibility of moulding national mind and national character to any pattern which the dominators of a country deem desirable. In this case, the mould has been military and murderous. The German people are what they are because for forty or fifty years their education has been what it has been. In another case, the mould might be socialistic. Then we should have the abolition of marriage and the brutalization of man. In a third case, experienced perhaps in the twenty-first century, the mould might be 'spiritualistic.' (A horrible word, but what other is there to express the meaning?) Then we should have lunacy taught by the state. But whatever the mould, Prussia has proved the power of authority to shape the mind of a people. It is a frightful discovery, pregnant with horror. It endues a state with the functions of a church. It turns it into an institution diabolic or divine.

Meantime the bearing of this invention upon present affairs is terribly obvious. We are attacked, to use language which is easily understood, by a people trained by devils in the doctrine of Hell. Suppose that we made 'peace' with this people, without defeating them. Would the 'scrap of paper' on which its terms were written eliminate from the hearts of its iron chiefs the deep, stern determination to fulfill the dictates of their creed? Would it deprive them of their control over the hearts of their subjects? Trained to docility, accustomed to 'come to heel,' as dogs that obey the whip, would these be

cleansed suddenly from the effects of the education which they had inherited and received? Would tradition, history, and national pride all be banished from their minds? Three-quarters victorious, with most of Europe and (with Siberia and half Asia Minor) a great part of Asia at their feet, would the desperate, determined men who have deliberately made this war undergo swift change of character and forgo forever the thought of another?

Thus considered — considered, that is, in view of the facts — the immense folly of any conceivable 'peace' which should leave Germany unbeaten and unshattered becomes manifest. Had President Wilson grasped the full significance of the creed of the German, he never would have committed the mistake of saying that he was not at war with the German people, or that he did not desire to break up Germany. The truth is that as our ideas, our minds, our hearts, and our souls are the exact antithesis of those of the Germans: therefore we, the Allies, we, the British, the American, the French, the Italian, are most bitterly at war not with the Kaiser only, or with the military party only, but with the whole German nation. Never in history, not even when England grappled with Spain in the sixteenth century, has any opposition been more acute. We are at war, in body and in spirit, with the German race. To deny this, or to attempt to hide it, is nonsense unutterable.

And in the next place, we are driven, not by mere desire of righteous vengeance, lawful and justifiable as such desire is, but by the veriest instincts of self-preservation, to resolve on breaking up the German empire and destroying entirely her position as a Great Power. If President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George do not see

this necessity yet, it is quite certain that either they or their successors will see it before very long. For while the German creed possesses the German nation, what hope is there, or can there be, of permanent peace? Nearly successful; not quite. The goal fully in view. Triumph, victory, universal dominion, just beyond their immediate grasp! What fiercer incitements to another effort, more tremendous, better calculated, even than the last, could be conceived for a government and a people such as the German, were 'peace' to be made to-morrow? And in face of them would be an Alliance, a League of Nations, that had failed. Failed to break them, failed to defeat them, failed even completely to baffle them. What or who then could prevent Germany from building submarines by the thousand, and aeroplanes by the tens of thousands? Who is to prevent her from setting her agents at work in all lands to sow dissension, to confuse issues, and to introduce her influence? What smallest hope or chance would democratic nations, with their squabbles, their parliaments, and their general confusions, have against the handful of clear-headed, resolute demons who control the policy of Prussia?

If this be a true picture (as, is it not?) of the situation which would accrue were peace by negotiation, peace preceding the utter smash of the German armies and the German system, to be effected, what is the deduction from this premise? It is that any peace at all, prior to complete victory, would be tantamount to the suicide of Europe and of mankind. Never, short of utter defeat and humiliation, will the rulers of Germany and the German people abandon their intention to subjugate the world. Never until they have passed under the Caudine Forks will

they be fit to live with civilized men.

Having reached this conclusion, we are next confronted with the fact that, at the present moment, not the Allies but Germany is in the temporary position of the stronger combatant. We have indeed, as we trust, checked the onset on the Western front, though at the date when this article is penned the issue still remains in doubt. We have faith. We believe that our heroic armies will hold, and that the foundation of our defense, our naval power, will remain unshaken. We believe too that the sons of the United States, crossing the Atlantic in no stinted volume, but in numbers ever growing greater as shipbuilding overtakes submarine destruction, will add constantly to the strength of the Allies, while that of the Huns withers away in the blast of our guns.

These are beliefs which may well be justified. But, for all that, do they point to a condition of things in which the might of democracy will be able to smite down that of militarism, to an approaching moment when, one year, or two years from now, our armies will shatter to pieces those of our foes, when they will tread as victors upon German soil and march in triumph through the streets of Berlin? He would indeed be a bold man who ventured upon that assertion. To beat the Hun out of France, to force him to relinquish his hold on the sea, to wrench ravished Belgium from his devastating grip, to drive him back across the Rhine, to invade his country and to occupy his capital, these are operations scarcely within sight. On the lines on which war has hitherto been waged, at what date do we think that these things can be done? And would not the breaking point be reached at least in this country, in France, and in Italy, before they can be achieved?

But, if so, to what can we look? We seem to be in an *impasse*. On the one hand, we see the absolute impossibility of arriving at real peace without first crushing Germany. On the other we cannot but recognize that the methods which we use to break her are both precarious and far too slow. What then is the expectation? Where is the solution? The expectation is fallacious, while the true solution stares us in the face. The expectation is and has been, almost since the war began, that the long-suffering German masses would revolt against the iron rule of those who perpetually send them to their death and who have brought want to their homes. But that expectation has been constantly disappointed in the event and it is certainly doomed to further betrayal. And the reason is plain. For hope of this kind is based entirely on the erroneous assumption that the German people resemble in essential characteristics the peoples who are fighting against them. We know that these would rise in wrath against their governments were they treated in like fashion. We know that they would have risen long ago, and therefore we anticipate similar action in Germany. But no mistake could be more complete. For belief of this sort ignores the German creed. It takes no account of the last half-century of German education. It overlooks the doglike docility and the capacity for sacrifice which that creed and that training together have produced. We may expect the long-sought German revolution from now to Doomsday, but we shall never see it until and unless either the military power which is as the rock of their pride shall have been burned and blasted in a hurricane of defeat, or some form of pressure far greater than any which they have up to now experienced has

been brought to bear against them. Absolute starvation, starvation *sans phrase*, might of course have that result. But absolute starvation is still out of sight. Semi-starvation will never suffice. With the possibility before them of obtaining supplies from Rumania and from the Ukraine, what likelihood is there that the Boche will yield now to exigencies which he withstood when such hope was wanting?

Since, however, years of experiment have shown the vanity of placing reliance on the occurrence of internal revolt among our enemies, where is that solution of our difficulties which still remains? It is in the air, the conquest of which creates the warfare of the future. Few things seem stranger than the apparent inability of statesmen to embrace any imaginative concept or to gauge at all in advance the effects of a new invention. So was it in the case of steam. So is it now in that of the aeroplane. The average mind seems quite incapable of recognizing that to measure the effect of a discovery such as this, it is necessary to weigh the probabilities of its future development, and not merely to consider it with reference to its present power of achievement.

In August 1914 the flying machine was hardly more than an instrument enabling observation to be taken. Now it is one of the principal forces of war. In 1914, its range and its weight-carrying capacity were alike trifling in comparison with those of the present day. These are exceeding trite remarks. Yet the odd thing is that the well-known facts of this immense past progress in the art of aviation never seem to be thought to throw light on the probable progress of the future. The evolution of the aeroplane and the sea-plane is not at a standstill. It is proceeding with constantly accelerated speed. But is

it not then obvious that, unless the march of invention suddenly cease and the process of development come to an end, flying machines are bound before long to become, not, as was said just now, one only of the principal factors of war, but the chief and dominant factor? To talk of producing an aeroplane able to drop bombs on Berlin is no longer to indulge in a dream. It is to contemplate a possibility very nearly realized. But if we have machines which can do that, most of the towns in Germany will be within our reach. The degree of destruction which we shall then be in a position to inflict will be proportionate to the number and capacity of our machines and to the extent to which we have obtained the mastery over those of our foes. This mastery we have already largely gained. Suppose that the Allies secured command of the air up to a point at which the counter-efforts of the enemy became partly negligible? Suppose that they, the Allies, had many thousand machines in use on the Western front? What would be the effect of such supremacy on the issue of the war? It is clear, if we think about it, that aerial supremacy of that kind would mean military victory. For the moment would arrive when the supply of the German armies would become impossible. All bridges behind the German lines could be destroyed. All railway junctions could be disintegrated. The defeat of the enemy hosts would be an automatic consequence. Their surrender or their retreat would be inevitable. In other words, the complete military overthrow of Germany, which by surface warfare we can hardly hope to achieve, could be wrought and may be wrought through the air.

Of course it is the fact that prodigious efforts to turn out aeroplanes

are already being made. But notwithstanding that fact, if public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic could but be brought to apprehend the truth that the full victory essential to the salvation of the world can be won only by first winning full control of the air, then those efforts would be enormously increased. To put it concisely, civilization and democracy must crush Germany to the very dust, or else perish themselves in renewed war under her heel. On the old lines, this full essential triumph cannot be won. But on the new lines, on the pathless lines of the air, it can be won and it awaits our winning. The twentieth century has brought

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mankind to an unlooked-for stage in its history. The knife of the assassin has been aimed at Freedom's heart. Previous anticipation has been falsified. The human race has marched from peace to war. But the hand of Time as it gradually draws back the curtain that veils the future has not merely thrust a torch upon the scene. It has brought also an invention by which the flames kindled can be extinguished. In the remoter future, the power of the air may be found more terrible than any other power ever possessed by man, but at this present epoch it offers to us a means of victory, a means of salvation, if only we will grasp it.

A MAID O' DORSET

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL)

CHAPTER XV

THE next day, being Sunday, Rosie endeavored to persuade her sweetheart to accompany her to church, but he shook his head resolutely.

"Tes too hot an' too dull," he declared. "An' I don't make out one-half what parson be a-sayin'."

"There, Rufe, 't is sich a pity ye won't take the trouble to learn something," groaned Rosie. "If ye knew what the Reverend were a-talkin' about ye'd find it awful interestin'."

Rufe reflected and seemed to come to a certain decision.

"Well, then," he exclaimed, "I don't know but what I *will* go to night school. I d' 'low ye'll never be satis-

fied till I do go. I'll go for once to-night, an' see how I do like it."

Rosie's eyes sparkled. "I *be* pleased, jist about!" she cried. "I do thank 'ee from my heart. Ye can't think how pleased I be, Rufe."

She lifted her face to his spontaneously for the first time, and he kissed her with an ardor which she had missed of late.

Concealing his ultimate plans, he actually put into execution the promise which he had hitherto had no intention of keeping, and went to the Sunday night school — not in Mr. Masterman's Parish Room, however, but at Branston.

"The Reverend here be too terr'ble

long-winded,' he explained. 'I d' 'low I'd fall asleep i'stead o' l'arnin'.'

Rosie walked to Branston with him, parting from him at the door.

'I'd go a little ways to meet 'ee if I knowed when it would be over,' she said wistfully. 'But it mid be dark then.'

'Ah, sure 't will be dark,' agreed he, regretfully. 'Your Granma'd never let 'ee. We must n't try the wold lady too much.'

The women had retired to rest before he returned, but the farmer lingered, being somewhat irate at his none-appearance.

'I can't leave the door on the latch all night,' he said. 'I'll have to sit up for he.'

It was indeed past eleven when the young man appeared, sober but immensely elated. In reply to Solomon's gruff comment: 'Ye can't ha' been doin' your schoolin' all this time,' he rejoined meekly:

'No, Farmer; I did meet a chap what I did use to know Sturminster side, an' he did ax I to walk a bit wi' he. Us did get talkin', and dalled if I didn't walk all the way wi'out thinkin'.'

'All the way to Sturminster?' growled the farmer.

'Nay, not quite so far as that, sir. Good-night to 'ee. I be pure sorry to ha' kep' 'ee up.'

'Good-night, my lad,' rejoined Solomon, mollified.

Rufe attended night school regularly after this, much to Rosie's satisfaction and that of his master also. The hours of instruction seemed to vary, it is true, but he nearly always came back at a reasonable time, so much so that when he suggested that the door key should be kept on the ledge of the milk-house window, where it was Mrs. Bond's custom to leave it when she and Rosie went out to-

gether, Solomon made no objection.

'Taycher do sometimes keep I back a little later than the others,' explained Rufe, 'along o' me bein' so terr'ble behind wi' the l'arnin'.'

Rosie would have been as well pleased if this privilege had not been conceded to him, for now and then doubts crossed her mind as to whether Rufe's dilatoriness were indeed due to his special studiousness. Once or twice it seemed to her that there clung about his clothes odors which were not the odors of sanctity, compounded as they were of stale tobacco smoke and spirits. 'Public-house smells,' she inwardly dubbed them. But she did not dare to confront Rufe with her surmise. He had grown irritable and, moreover, careless. Sometimes days passed without 'the bit o' cworting,' to which she had been accustomed since his advent taking place. At other times, when he was in more lover-like mood, something in his manner repelled and offended her — a certain rough familiarity which he had never hitherto permitted himself to use towards her.

'I don't like 'ee for to make free,' she said one day.

'Stuff and rubbidge!' rejoined he angrily. 'Be we promised to each other or bain't we?'

'E-es, we be promised,' she admitted, 'but that's no reason. I don't seem to like your ways — I do like 'ee to be respectful.'

He threw back his head and laughed, but it was not a pleasant laugh.

'An' what's more, you do smell o' drink,' she went on with increasing severity. 'T isn't only to night school you do go.'

'Would you like me to gie up the schoolin', then?' he rejoined fiercely.

'No, I don't say that; but I'd like 'ee to come straight back when school's over.'

'School's never over for me,' he grumbled. 'When 't is n't parson 't is taycher; when 't is n't taycher 't is farmer; when 't is n't farmer 't is you.'

He flung away from her then, leaving the girl sore at heart and inclined to be remorseful, once her irritation had cooled, for having perhaps treated him with overharshness.

'I did n't ought to twite en,' she said to herself.

He did not come near her during the remainder of the day, and it was nearly midnight when, lying wakefully on the lookout for him, she heard the key grate cautiously in the lock and the stairs creak under his feet.

The next day she waylaid him, speaking with great gentleness.

'Rufe, I did n't ought to ha' been so cross yesterday. I did n't ought to ha' said that about the public. Let's be friends.'

'E-es, I'm willin' to be friends,' he rejoined blithely. 'An' I'll treat 'ee so respectful as ye do like. There, now! But I must have a kiss now an' again, an' I could wish as you'd 'arn to trust I.'

'Well, so I will, then!' she cried. 'You won't go to the public, will ye, Rufe? If you do promise, I'll believe 'ee. Farmer Blanchard 'ud allus give 'ee a drap o' zider if ye was thirsty,' she added wistfully.

He laughed and looked at her with real tenderness.

'Well, I'll promise,' he said, 'but ye must n't be so suspectin' if I do stop to talk a bit wi' one or two o' the chaps. 'T is the only chance I do get o' sayin' a word to a lad o' my own age. There's Farmer, wold enough to be my father, an' Adam an' 'Lias — they be staid men both. If 't was n't for you I'd go mad here. You must promise to trust I proper.'

'I will, I will indeed!' she agreed.

It must be owned, however, that her

resolution was put to the test rather severely as the days went by. Sometimes Rufe returned at a very late hour, and once or twice it seemed to her that he did not return at all. One breathless August night she lay awake for long, listening for his step, and at length, unable to control her anxiety, got up cautiously, and throwing a long coat over her nightdress, crept downstairs. Rufe had locked the house door before depositing the key in the milk-house window, but with many precautions she unlocked a seldom used door which opened directly into the parlor; and the moonlight flooded the room.

What a lovely night! But, oh! where was Rufe? Why did n't he come back? She crept out, the dewy ground striking chill to her slippered feet, and made her way to the upper gate, whence she looked long and eagerly up the road.

But in all the white expanse she could see no figure moving. She did not dare to re-lock the door, for the noise which the seldom used key had previously made had alarmed her. She returned to bed shivering and very miserable. Dawn had broken before she heard Rufe's steps on the stairs.

In the morning it seemed to her that he had a sodden look; but she did not dare tax him with having broken his word.

'T is best for he to think I do trust en,' she reflected.

She was much put out of countenance when Granma suddenly remarked at breakfast time that she had found the parlor door unlocked that morning.

'Ye must ha' missed it last night, Farmer,' she said.

'No,' said the farmer emphatically, 'I did n't miss en. The door's never unlocked wi'out parson or squire calls.

But there, 't is a strange thing — last night I did just chance to notice as 't were locked, an' what's more, as there were a little small cobweb under the bolt. Thinks I, "'T is a wonder that did escape Mrs. Bond. But it d' show as door bain't often opened." Ha, ha!

He grew grave again.

'Did you come in that way last night, Rufe?' he asked sharply.

'I'm sure I didden,' rejoined Rufe. 'What 'ud be the sense o't, when I did lock t' other one arter goin' out, an' put key in the milk-house window?'

Rosie felt herself blushing, and gave thanks inwardly that she was sitting with her back to the light and that Granma was busy with the teapot; but Solomon, sitting at the end of the table, noticed the color rushing over her brow and neck. Rufe, too, glanced at her with surprise and some confusion. When next they found themselves alone she said:

'I did creep out last night to look up road an' see if ye was a-comin'. Oh, Rufe, you was awful late!'

He returned her reproachful glance shamefacedly.

'Well, there, to tell 'ee the truth, 't was such a fine night I did go for a bit of sport. I did catch a fine big hare.'

'Poachin' again,' groaned Rosie, but inwardly she was somewhat relieved. 'An' what did ye do wi' the poor thing?' she asked faintly presently.

'I did gie en to a lad what do seldom get a bite o' decent meat,' he rejoined. "'T will make he a fine stew!'

'One o' the lads what do go to night school?' said Rosie tentatively.

'Oh, 'e-es,' said Rufe demurely. 'He do go to night school wi' I.'

He had an odd, excited look, but she forbore to question him further.

He continued in a state of ill-subdued exultation all day, which Rosie noted with a sinking heart, inwardly wondering what further mischief was afoot.

He started off for Branston soon after seven, announcing that teacher had promised to run him through the lesson before the advent of the other pupils.

'So you won't be so late to-night?' hazarded Rosie, who accompanied him to the gate.

'No, I'll be back in good time this evening, sure,' he promised with a nod and a bright look.

As Mrs. Bond was sitting by the window, busy with her mending, while Rosie was shutting up the chickens in the orchard, the farmer, who had been standing by the open house door puffing meditatively at his pipe, suddenly turned round with a startled look:

'Why, what do ye think? Here's Mrs. Hunt a-trippin' down the lane.'

'Is she indeed?' rejoined Mrs. Bond, evincing anything but pleasure. 'They did tell I in the town as she'd taken a place somewheres the other side o' Branston.'

'Well, here she is, so large as life,' asserted Solomon with evident perturbation. 'Dear heart alive, 't is to be hoped as she won't start crying and upsettin' herself again.'

But when Mrs. Hunt entered she seemed to be in the highest good humor; she greeted Solomon quite hilariously and bestowed an affectionate handshake on Mrs. Bond.

'There, I be delighted to see ye a-lookin' so well. Nothin' like their native air for agreein' with people, is there?'

'I warn't barn here,' rejoined Granma stiffly. 'The Glebe Farm was but my married home.'

'Oh, well, you did spend the most

part of your life in it, an' it seems as if you was likely to end it here.'

'You are looking very well, Mrs. Hunt,' interposed Solomon quickly, fearing that the visitor's surmise might annoy the old lady, as no doubt it was intended to do.

'Yes, thank you, Mr. Blanchard. I *am* very well—better than I've been for years. I am keeping house now for a gentleman what's very considerate—very considerate an' kind indeed, an' I do feel the benefit of it. I do have so much spare time I scarcely know how to fill it. I do get out every evening. I do go for a little stroll on the downs mostly, but I thought I'd jist come down here for a change to-night.'

'And you'm welcome, I'm sure,' rejoined the farmer with an assumption of heartiness. 'I dare say ye'd like a cup of tea.'

He glanced diffidently at Mrs. Bond, who tossed her head.

'Rosie'll see to it when she do come in,' she remarked.

'I'm afraid I could n't wait so long as *that*,' said Mrs. Hunt. 'Miss Rosie stops out rather late, does n't she?'

The other two stared at her.

'Rosie'll be in in a few minutes,' said Granma distinctly after a pause; 'she is but seein' to chicken. She's not one for stoppin' out late.'

'It depends on what you call late,' returned Mrs. Hunt with an arch look. 'I call anything arter ten late.'

At this moment Rosie came round the corner of the house from the orchard and entered, starting a little as she perceived the unexpected visitor.

'Why, here *is* Miss Rosie!' exclaimed that lady. 'I thought maybe you'd have gone for a stroll to meet your young man. I did meet en t' other side o' Branston.'

'You could n't ha' done that,' interposed Solomon roughly, recovering

from his first amazement. 'The young chap's gone to the night school.'

'Oh, yes,' said Mrs. Hunt, wagging her head. 'He goes to the night school, and Miss Rosie goes to school, too, most evenin's, don't ye, Miss Rosie?'

'I'm sure I don't know what you mean!' cried Rosie in amazement.

'Think a bit an' you will know, then,' returned Mrs. Hunt. 'You was at school on the downs last night, was n't ye?'

'The downs?' echoed the girl, turning pale.

'Oh, 'e-es, my dear. 'T was a lovely moonlight night and I did see ye.'

'*Mel*!' cried Rosie.

'Yes, you an' your young man. I'm very fond of a moonlight stroll, an' I did persuade Mr. Bugg to come out a little ways on Oakleigh Down wi' me. An' there was you an' your young man havin' a stroll too. I could see you so plain as anything—your light dress an' your dark hair, an' him with his arm round your waist. He did look back over his shoulder when he did hear me an' Mr. Bugg a-talkin', an' I did see his face so plain as anything.'

Rosie stood as if turned to stone; she was absolutely incapable of speech, but she wrung her hands together.

The farmer, equally struck, dropped his eyes; but Granma rose from her chair.

'Get out o' thic house!' she exclaimed. 'I'll not have ye here another minute insultin' of we like that. You'm *mad*, woman. My grandarter on the Oakleigh Down arter ten o' night! I never heard o' sich a tale. Get out afore I take the poker to 'ee.'

Mrs. Hunt rose and shook out her skirts.

'I don't suppose *you* knew nothing

about it, ma'am,' she explained. 'T is n't likely Miss Rosie'd ask your leave before she went. An' 't is n't the only time, I can tell 'ee. Mr. Bugg passed the remark: "I do often see that couple," says he, "when I be a-comin' back from Branston." (He do sometimes have business in Branston rather late, you know.) "I've a-passed 'em in the lane," he says, "arter eleven o'clock more nor once."'

'Zachary Bugg is one what 'ud be like to see people in the lane what was n't there,' cried Solomon, suddenly recovering the power of speech. 'I would n't be too ready to believe the tales o' what *he* seed when he do come from Branston arter closin' time. But I do agree wi' Mrs. Bond. 'T is most outrageous of 'ee to come here an' say such insultin' things as that, Mrs. Hunt. I must beg 'ee to walk out, ma'am, this very minute. I do dare 'ee ever to show your face here again,' he added with increasing warmth.

His aspect was indeed threatening as was that of Mrs. Bond, who pushed the table out of the way as though to clear the road for action. Mrs. Hunt, uncertain as to what unpleasant consequences might result from this stirring up of a hornets' nest, deemed it best to withdraw hastily, and the farmer, following her to the door, carefully closed it after her.

When he returned to the kitchen he found Mrs. Bond, white and trembling now that her anger had left her, supporting herself on the back of a chair, while she gazed at Rosie, who still stood in petrified silence.

'Rosie,' she said after a moment's pause, during which the farmer closed the inner door and took up his position before it, his eyes drooping as before. 'Rosie, why don't ye speak? What — what's the meanin' o' your

standin' there stock still an' never offerin' to deny thic woman's tale? My God,' she added, as the girl's lips still remained sealed, 'the front door, the front door what was unlocked last night!'

The farmer moved uneasily, and Rosie suddenly found her voice.

'Mr. Blanchard,' she said in a high, strained tone, 'do *you* want me to say I was n't walkin' on the downs wi' Rufe Lee?'

'*No!*' cried the farmer. His voice came out with a thunderous volume of sound, and he strode forward, unconsciously holding out his hand.

With a sigh which was half a sob, the girl dropped hers into it, and Granma, with a gasp of relief, sank into the chair on which she had been leaning.

'I did go out,' went on Rosie tremulously. 'I did lie awake sich a long while wondering why he didn't come back, an' then I did creep out so far as top gate to look if he was a-comin'. That's why door was unlocked, Granma.'

'Ye did n't ought to ha' done it,' murmured Mrs. Bond, adding more fiercely: 'Ye did ought to ha' told thic woman she were tellin' lies.'

Rosie's eyes, darker than ever under their drawn brows, fixed themselves on her grandmother's face.

'She was tellin' lies,' she echoed faintly. 'T is a lyin' tale what she did make up to vex I. She do hate I.' Then she turned to Solomon. 'Mr. Blanchard, 't is n't true. Rufe would n't sarve me like that.'

'I'll find out,' said Solomon sternly.

Crossing the room, he took down his coat from the nail in the door, and with some deliberation selected a stout stick from the rack in the corner.

'Take me with ye,' said Rosie suddenly.

'Well there, you've lost your senses, I d' 'low!' cried Granma angrily. 'Sit down, Farmer, an' gie en a good hidin' when he do come in — that 'ud be my notion.'

'No,' returned Solomon with a grim look. 'I'll go and see for myself what he be doin'. I'll go to night school first, an' if he's not there I'll go on to the downs.'

'An' I'll go with you,' insisted Rosie. 'I'll go an' see wi' my own eyes what he's doin'. He mid be in mischief, and yet he midden be — he midden be so treecherous to me. He did ax I to trust en. I'll not be a minute gettin' ready, Mr. Blanchard,' she added.

As she vanished upstairs Mrs. Bond turned to Solomon.

'I do truly think, Farmer, you'd

do best to leave her at home. I don't know as 't is altogether right for her to go traipsin' about the country at this time o' night wi' a man, even if he be your age an' so respectable as you be. An' it can but break her heart if ye do find thic wicked pair.'

'The poor maid,' said Solomon slowly, punctuating each word with a tap of his stick, 'have a-been treated shameful — deceived an' insulted. 'T is my belief as Mrs. Hunt was speakin' truth this time, an' if 't is true it's best for her to know it. She've a right to do what she thinks best.'

As Rosie reappeared, clothed in a dark coat and hat, he turned towards the door.

'Be you ready now, my maid?

Well, then, let's go.'

(To be concluded)

CLEMENCEAU

BY H. M. HYNDMAN

IN 1860 a very clever young student of medicine came up from La Vendée to Paris to study for his doctor's degree. He was but nineteen years of age, brimful of all the vigor, life, capacity for enjoyment and cheery anticipation which have stood him in such good stead ever since. But Georges Benjamin Clemenceau had very solid qualities besides his full share of physical and mental activity. These he had inherited from his father, himself a doctor as well as a landowner, a materialist, a Republican, an extreme Radical, and a man of high artistic and scientific capacity.

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Deadly opposed to the petty Napoleonism of the hero of the *coup d'état*, this rural philosopher showed his son the way along the path of bitter political opposition, and soon thereafter was given the opportunity for reflecting upon the advantages and drawbacks of the brand new Empire under lock and key. The judgment of Clemenceau the father was, naturally, more unfavorable to 'Badin-guet,' as Napoleon III was called by Republicans, after this interference with his personal liberty than before.

Clemenceau the son shared his father's opinions against interference

with the rights of free speech and a free press. That was dangerous in Paris in those days. *La ville lumière* was obliged to hide its light under a bushel. The great Republicans of '48 were still in duress or in exile. Friends of democracy and Anti-Imperialists in Paris were compelled to adopt a style of suppressed irony not quite to the taste of the vivacious young Republican recruit from Mouilleron-en-Pareds. Then as now he spoke the truth that was in him, regardless of consequences; though he devoted the greater part of his time to work in the hospitals, to study in the libraries, and to investigation of the social maladies he saw all round him. But his industry was no make-weight to balance his radicalism in the eyes of a magistrate. Not possessing the dexterity of a Prévost-Paradol, or the immunity of absence of Victor Hugo, he fell foul of the Imperial Police. That gave him the opportunity for two months of intimate self-analysis in the prison of Mazas. No date dear to Republicans could then be toasted or written about without carrying a reflection upon the Empire; and as nearly all important events in French history, from July 14 onwards, are duly calendared, Clemenceau's crime in celebrating February 24 by speech and writing was obvious. There could be no defense.

It was the Paris of the early sixties, a very different city indeed from the Paris of to-day. Baron Haussmann had but just begun his period of Napoleonic Augusticizing of the French capital. From where the Place de l'Opéra now is to the Palais Royal was quite an expedition. You went upstairs and downstairs and through narrow, dirty streets until, after missing your way several times, you at last found yourself in the gar-

den dear to the orators of the French Revolution, and since devoted to nursemaids and their babes. Much of Paris was in the same unregenerate state. The smells that arose from below, and the water of doubtful origin that might assail the unwary passer-by from above, suggested a lack of sanitary control which was more than confirmed by experience in other directions. Napoleon III was a man of no account. His entourage was even worse than that which surrounds Lloyd George. But he and his did clear out and clean up Paris. Whether the broad streets were built to help artillery and mitrailleuses to massacre the 'mob,' whether the architecture is imposing or monotonous, Clemenceau the doctor must be for once at variance with Clemenceau the man of politics and admit that his incarcerator of 1862 did some good to Paris during his reign of repression.

The early sixties saw the Empire at the height of its prestige and influence. Solferino and Magenta were still names of might. The Emperor posed as the arbiter of war and peace in Europe: his Empress dominated the world of fashion and was dominated by the world of priests. The miserable expedition to Mexico and the idiotic abandonment of Austria to Prussia had not yet shaken the stability of the Empire. Napoleon and his Rouher were still great statesmen. Friendly relations with England had replaced the old distrust. Business was good and the profiteers of France were doing well. The Napoleonic régime represented security for the bourgeoisie and a good time for the international financiers. Law and order were based upon prosperity for the well-to-do. Only the democrats and the intellectuals were discontented. Every January 1 the Emperor

of France declared to a hushed Europe that he had surveyed the universe and all seemed good in his sight.

Such was the Paris, such the France of 1865, when Georges Clemenceau, the friend of Etienne Arago and the pupil of Professor Robin, published his essay on taking his doctor's degree. It at once gained for its author a considerable reputation as a capable exponent of material evolution under the title *De la Génération des Eléments anatomiques*. This has been throughout the scientific basis of Clemenceau's medical, social, political, and literary work. I got the book the other day from the London Library, and on the title page of this first edition I read in the author's own bold handwriting, 'à Monsieur J. Stuart Mill hommage respectueux de l'auteur, G. Clemenceau': a tribute which he followed up shortly afterwards by translating Mill's study of Auguste Comte and Positivism into French.

1866, the year of the Prusso-Italian war against Austria — the success of which was one of the causes, unnoted at the time, of Napoleon III's downfall — found Clemenceau in the United States, whence he sent some excellent studies of American social and industrial development to the *Temps*. That was quite what we might expect from a brilliant physician, physiologist, and sociological student of twenty-five. But what follows does not seem quite in accordance with his character and ambitions. Clemenceau became a professor of French literature in a Young Ladies' College at Stamford, not far from New York. One of his friends and admirers many years afterwards commented on a portion of his educational duties thus: 'An admirable horseman, the young Frenchman accompanied the young American misses

on their rides. These were free and delicious little tours on horseback, charming excursions amid delightful surroundings. Such years Clemenceau never forgot, years during which his temperament was strengthened and his intelligence refined. While he cultivated his mind with the Anglo-Saxon philosophy he took his first lessons in the art of American flirtation.' This led up to his engagement and marriage with an American lady who had taken part in these equestrian rambles. And so, as M. Le Blond quaintly puts it, having completed his independent education and reached the last stage of his mental equipment, 'he was fit to play great parts.'

Clemenceau's political career began with the terrible year 1870-71. The present colossal struggle has naturally enough dwarfed the record of that stirring time. But the collapse of the French Empire was even more sudden and dramatic than its rise; and those who were then in Paris recall with delight the overwhelming unanimity with which the shout for abdication was raised directly news came of the crushing disaster of Sedan and the surrender of Napoleon III. The whole Imperial machinery fell with a crash. With the greatest difficulty the bigoted Catholic Empress, against whom the Parisians cherished a hatred scarcely less bitter than that of their ancestors for Marie Antoinette, was got safely out of the city. Paris at once took control of her own destinies. Everywhere Republicans, Radicals, and Socialists, harried and proscribed the day before, rushed to the front and became masters of the city. Clemenceau, as one of the former, was chosen Mayor of Montmartre, a district in which he had practised as a doctor, taking no fees from the people, while keeping in touch with

his Republican and revolutionary friends.

In his capacity as Mayor he exhibited marvelous energy in every department. Everything had to be organized at once. There was no time to respect the inevitable details of democratic authorization and delay. Clemenceau proved himself to be the very man for the post. He acted practically as municipal dictator in every department, including the raising, drilling, and arming of recruits for the new Republican army, and organizing and administering all the local services. But he took care to do so entirely in the interests of the people of Montmartre, who enthusiastically supported him against the reactionaries and religionists who then, as always, were his bitterest enemies. So successful was he in this work from September 1870 onwards that he was sent as Deputy to the National Assembly at Bordeaux in February 1871 with the exceedingly heavy poll of 96,000 votes.

As a member for Republican Paris, Clemenceau had no easy part to play at Bordeaux. His fellow members were for the most part thorough reactionaries. They were Royalists dug up from all parts of the country, who thought the time had come to revenge themselves, not only upon the Bonapartists who had governed France for twenty years, but upon Paris and the Parisians who, they well knew, would never consent to the restoration of either of the monarchical candidates. These representatives of a worn-out Legitimism or Orleanism were old men in a hurry to resuscitate the dead and galvanize the past into fresh life. Their very heads betrayed their antiquity. So much so that a favorite pastime for young ladies of pleasure in the galleries who had flocked to Bordeaux was what was irreverently

called 'bald-headed loo.' This consisted in betting upon the number of flies that would settle within a given period on a devoted senator's hairless occiput. Unfortunately these ancient gentlemen found a leader who could scarcely be surpassed for dexterity and unscrupulousness in M. Thiers. Clemenceau soon saw how matters stood. He might thus early have developed his well-known skill in Parliamentary tactics to the disadvantage of the tough little champion of provincial bigotry and bourgeois greed, but he was recalled to Paris within a month by the revolutionary movement in the capital which led to the establishment of the Commune.

This is not the time or the place to discuss the ideals, the temporary success, or the final suppression of that remarkable uprising. Dublin, Petrograd, and Helsingfors have shown us, quite recently, how men with the highest conceptions of the future can utterly fail to apply common sense to the facts of the present. So it was with the heroes of the Commune. The more capable of its leaders, full of enthusiasm, not wanting in high executive ability — Paris was never better managed than during the Commune, and many important reforms then introduced have been adopted ever since — and thoroughly justified in their resistance to attempted reaction, were nevertheless unable to grasp the truths of the situation either within or without. Fighting, as the old Communist sergeant of the guard nobly said, for '*la solidarité humaine*,' the men at the top fought one another within the walls of the beleaguered city with truly fraternal intolerance.

Victory was from the first impossible on the lines chosen. Even had the Versailles troops of M. Thiers been beaten — as they could have been in the early days of the struggle — the

conquering German army still lay cantoned on the other side of Paris, ready to apply the most relentless methods of repression to the Communists if they had won. It was as hopeless an attempt to make twelve o'clock at eleven as has ever been seen on the planet. John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry was not less certainly doomed to failure than was the sudden revolt of the Paris Communists of 1871. But the Socialists of Europe like the Abolitionists of America, celebrated the Commune and have deified its martyrs for many a long year. Such brave and unselfish champions of the proletariat as Delescluze and Courbet hold the same position in the minds of Socialists that John Brown held among the friends of the negro before the great Civil War.

Clemenceau had a personal experience of revolutionary democracy under the Commune which may have influenced his views about Socialism in practical affairs in later life. He was, when it began, the duly elected and popular Republican Mayor of Montmartre. He was the deputy sent to Bordeaux by a vast majority to sit on the extreme left, and his sympathies were at first entirely with the Federals. No more fervent admirer of the aspirations and idealism of the city of Paris ever lived. To him Paris is a personality, as the city of the violet crown was to the Athenian statesmen of old. All that went for nothing. The new committee wanted their own man at Montmartre, and Clemenceau was not that man.

So Mayor he ceased to be, but earnest democrat and devoted friend of the people he remained. Unfortunately for him, he could not believe that mere possession of the capital meant control of France by the Parisians, or the freeing of his

country from German occupation. For once he advocated prudence and compromise. It was an unlucky experience. The Communists Pyat, Vermorel, and others so resented his moderate counsels that they issued an order for his arrest. Failing to get hold of Clemenceau himself, they captured a speaking likeness of the tribune of the Eighteenth Arrondissement in the person of a young Brazilian. Him they were about to shoot, with all due formality, when they discovered that their proposed victim was the wrong man.

It is highly creditable to Clemenceau that a few years later one of his greatest speeches, that on the Amnesty of the Communists (May 1876), was given in favor of the liberation and recall from exile of the very same people who would have silenced him for good and all when they were in power. He escaped their well-meant intentions and went on a tour of Radical propaganda through the provinces. But this was quite as objectionable to Thiers and the reactionists as his previous conduct had been to Pyat and the extremists. On his return to Paris consequently he was nearly butchered by the conquering Versailles troops, just as he had been nearly perforated by the defeated Communists. Gallifet and Thiers, it is said, used far less ceremony in their wholesale slaughter of their Parisian countrymen than the Fédérés did in the removal of single 'suspects.' Men of ability and judgment are apt to be caught between two fires when passion takes control on both sides. It was, in fact, little short of a miracle that the Prime Minister of France to-day did not complete his services to his country in 1871 by dying in the ditch under the wall of Père Lachaise at the early age of thirty.

The Commune was crushed and the Republic of Reaction reigned in its stead. Peace was established in Paris under circumstances of almost incredible horror. 'La République, mon ami,' said Clemenceau to me a few years afterwards, 'c'est l'Empire républicanisé.' And so it was. Bourgeois domination of the narrowest and meanest kind, leading, so the reactionaries hoped, to the restoration of the monarchy, had its will of Paris and all that Paris at its best stood for. As we look back upon that period of pettifoggery the marvel is that the royalists were not successful. If they had had a king worth fighting for, they might have been. But during the whole of this time of political doubt and difficulty, when the atmosphere was full of reactionary intrigues, Clemenceau as member, secretary, and then President of the Municipal Council of repressed Paris, and from 1876 as Radical deputy in the National Assembly, steadily fought the good fight for democratic Republicanism and the freedom of all. Bitterly opposed alike to monarchy and priestcraft, an enthusiastic champion of the rights of the people as the best and safest outlet and remedy for discontent, and the surest means of securing social change and thorough education for the benefit of the whole of France, he stood steadily to his guns.

It was a great part he then played. For fifteen years he was the leader of the Extreme Left against the policy of hesitating compromise and cowardly opportunism, which was upheld even by those who practised it, from Léon Gambetta downwards, only as that which divided them the least. Such government tactics roused no enthusiasm and solved no problem. Clemenceau always supported every official movement which gave evi-

dence of a desire to meet the wishes of the advanced party, either in regard to the checking of ecclesiastical influence, the division of the state from the church, the improvement of social conditions, or the genuine democratization of political forms. But he was absolutely relentless in his opposition to political trickery or trading with reaction in any shape. On these matters and on the necessity for complete freedom of speech and for the press he never wavered, nor at any moment failed to take the right side, however difficult it might have been for him and his party to do so. Thus it came about that, only the other day, when the Socialist party unwisely attacked him as being reactionary in this direction, and grumbled because he made no reply: 'That point,' said Clemenceau, 'it is unnecessary for me to deal with: my record is a sufficient answer to such a charge.' In like manner, he remained ever steadfast in his opposition to colonization by conquest. There was not the slightest trace of capitalist Imperialism about him from start to finish. All the energy, all the strength, all the administrative ability, all the financial power were needed, not for wild-cat adventures abroad, but for the more complete and beneficial development of the country at home. Egypt, Tonkin, Cochin China, Madagascar, and Morocco were as nothing as compared with the welfare and growing prosperity of the people: the greatness, the glory, the dignity of the French Republic within the limits of France. So held Clemenceau.

Hence, year by year, ministry after ministry fell before the terrible attacks of Clemenceau, at the head of as powerful a Radical group as was ever seen in the National Assembly. And with each fresh victory he increased the exasperation of his ene-

mies of all shades of opinion. The reactionists hated him because he made them look even smaller than they really were. The financiers abhorred him because he interfered with their financing and exposed their colonial intrigues. The Socialists mistrusted him because, though he was playing their game politically, he refused to accept their views socially. A powerful combination against him, made up of the various elements, was, therefore, possible at any moment, and the trenchant articles by Camille Pelletan, Pichon, Millerand, and others in his journal *La Justice* helped to intensify the animosity and fear with which he was regarded by the factious of every shade of opinion. It was natural. For Clemenceau's enemies were striving for their own individual advantage. He and his followers were working for what they believed to be the good of the people.

Clemenceau at the period I am writing about was well over forty and still in the prime of a vigorous life. He looked what he was: active, alert, capable, and highly intelligent. His face was an index to his character. It gave an impression of almost barbarous energy which induced his Socialist detractors long afterwards to speak of him as 'the Kalmuck.' But this was merely caricature. Refinement, mental brilliancy, and high cultivation shone out from his animated features. A teetotaler, abstemious in his habits, and always in training, Clemenceau, with his rapidity of perception, quickness of retort, and mastery of incisive irony combined with trenchant wit, was a formidable opponent indeed. His rule in politics was based upon the soundest principle of all warfare: Never fail to attack in order to defend. The prescription of the American banker, 'David Harum,'

might have been enunciated by Georges Clemenceau the French statesman: 'Do unto others as they would do unto you, and do it *first*.'

As an orator he was destitute of those telling gestures, modifications of tone, and carefully turned phrases which we associate with the highest class of French public speaking. His voice rarely rises above a conversational level, he is quiet and unemotional in his manner. But the directness of his assaults and the dynamical force of his short periods gained rather than lost effect on that account. I heard his famous Parliamentary encounter with my friend and comrade, the late Jean Jaurès, and, though my sympathies were entirely with the great champion of Socialism, and I held then, as I believe now, that he had far the stronger case, I was bound to admit that, in the mere question of immediate political dialectics, Clemenceau had the better of the fray. In private conversation Clemenceau is the most brilliant yet unartificial talker to whom I ever listened. Another quality he possesses, which proved uncommonly useful to him at more than one stage of his career. Clemenceau was, and possibly is even to-day, the most dangerous duelist in France. A left-handed swordsman, and a perfect pistol shot, no one who valued the integrity of his carcass was disposed to encounter the leader of the Extreme Left. Even the reactionary fire eater, Paul de Cassagnac, who himself had killed three men, shrank from meeting his quietus from Clemenceau.

The rise and fall of Boulanger was a most dramatic incident in the career of the present French Premier. Boulanger was Clemenceau's cousin, and by his influence the general was appointed War Minister in one of the

rapidly shifting Cabinets of those days. Clemenceau hoped that the new minister, as a thorough-going Radical, would do something important to improve the position of the rank and file of the French soldiery, and to prevent the spread among them of Catholic and reactionary intrigues. The general carried out the first part of this programme to a considerable extent, and to the great advantage of the French conscripts. But instead of doing the second portion of this work for which he was put in office, he followed precisely the contrary policy. Boulanger turned right round upon himself and his principal supporter, became the mere tool of a reactionary clique and, but for his own weakness, would have proved the most dangerous enemy the Republic has ever had to face.

Curiously enough, Clemenceau himself, who, of course, bitterly attacked this traitor to democracy when he changed his tactics, greatly underrated the danger from his own protégé. When Boulanger was fighting his double candidature for the Nord and the Dordogne, Clemenceau thought that, win or lose, he would not be really formidable. Boulanger carried both seats by large majorities. Then came the bitter contest for the representation of Paris. To a mere looker-on his victory seemed certain. Said Clemenceau to me, and his opinion was supported by my old friend the Socialist Dr. Paul Brousse, then President of the Paris Municipal Council, 'Je crois bien qu'il se perd.' He did not. But, having triumphantly won Paris at the polls, he lost France at Durand's Restaurant. The last hope of French royalty died a suicide in the Brussels Cemetery because he would not risk making a dash for the Elysée after dinner.

Now came a time of stress and

strain indeed for his brilliant relation. Clemenceau remained the best-hated man in France by all who, for any reason, desired the downfall of the bourgeois Republic. How very much he had done to weaken the hold of that Republic on the mass of the people I doubt if he himself thoroughly understood. The heavy votes for Boulanger in the Provinces and in Paris partially opened his eyes. But now all his enemies were marshaled together against him, and he would take no steps to split them up. That was the period, too, of the great Panama scandal, which besmirched the reputations of many leading French statesmen and politicians even more completely than the Marconi share-gamble has blackened the characters of several of our own most influential men. As Cornelius Herz, one of the Panamists, had been a subscriber to the funds of *La Justice*, all that malignity, calumny, lies, and wholesale personal detraction could do to connect Clemenceau with 'Panama' was done.

M. Judet of the *Petit Journal* surpassed the greatest masters of mendacity and vilification in his campaign against the great Radical leader. He had plenty of support outside his own organ. For Clemenceau had not only been a stalwart assailant of colonial annexations, but a close and constant friend of England and in favor of the English Entente. That was still more criminal than Panamism or Anti-Imperialism. It was double-dyed treachery in the eyes of his opponents. How well I remember the gibes about *l'Anglais* politician, and the insults in broken English that were hurled at him. Clemenceau was quite unmoved. He bided his time. At length his chance came. The whole matter was brought before the National Assembly; and, when Clemenceau rose

to defend himself, so great had been the effect of the attacks upon him that no deputy ever stood up to address a more hostile audience. It appeared as if he had not a single friend in the whole house. Not a sound of greeting was heard. Yet so completely did the orator immolate his assailants and dissipate their calumnies that when he finished the whole Assembly rose and cheered him enthusiastically. Demosthenes himself never had a greater triumph. The condemnation in open court of the forgers, upon whose evidence the whole edifice of accusation had been built up, was the climax so far as Clemenceau's personal character was involved.

But this did not by any means end the political warfare against him. 'La politique n'a pas d'entrailles'; his persecutors were relentless. It was at this time that I begged Clemenceau to come to some terms with the Socialists who were then gaining ground rapidly in France. Why, by the way, Clemenceau has never been a Socialist, puzzles me. All his speeches and writings contain many passages which every convinced Socialist would accept. But I suppose the individualism of his personality has throughout hindered him from subscribing to our principles. At any rate I always felt I was arguing with a man who was deaf of both ears to my well-meant suggestions. Socialism, he declared, would never become a political power in France. France, and above all *rural* France, which meant the bulk of Frenchmen, was and will remain vehemently individualist — property, property, property. It was as useless to base any practical policy upon Socialists and their principles as to calculate upon their votes. But, I urged, extremes meet: the Catholics and Socialists may combine

with the men whose minds have been poisoned by the *Petit Journal* and turn you out of the Var — the department for which Clemenceau then sat as deputy. He laughed at the very idea of such a defeat. The thing seemed to him beyond the bounds of possibility. Nevertheless the impossible occurred. Clemenceau lost his seat at the General Election of 1893, and was compelled to retire from Parliamentary life after more than seventeen years of active service.

It was a staggering blow. A weaker man would have felt it less and have been more discouraged. I wrote him a letter of sympathy on his defeat, and in his reply he could not conceal his special bitterness at the attitude of the Socialists. He ought, however, I think, to have foreseen and endeavored to avert their hostility. But Clemenceau defeated showed not a moment's hesitation as to the course he would pursue. He had left the Assembly as the first Parliamentarian in France: he turned round at fifty-two and suddenly became her first journalist. Nothing in his whole life was more remarkable than the manner in which, without in the least changing his opinions, he held his own in this new field of work. During the ten years that he was excluded from Parliament he made a second brilliant reputation as a publicist and man of letters. To survey what he achieved in this department would take me far beyond the limits of the present article.

But his championship of justice for Dreyfus constitutes a splendid record of a fight against odds. Paris and France as a whole were dead against Dreyfus. He was throughout a very unpopular figure. But Clemenceau, with Zola, Jaurès, and other high-minded Frenchmen, was determined that, innocent or guilty, the Jew

officer should have fair play. There was a terrible struggle to get it. *L'Aurore*, of which Clemenceau became editor in 1897, was the organ of the intellectuals who took Dreyfus's side. His own articles fell like bombshells into the camp of the militarists, reactionaries, and Jesuits. But he performed even a greater service to the cause when he suggested to Zola that he should write his famous pamphlet, and gave to it the striking title *J'Accuse*. I was in Paris often during the crisis of the Dreyfus affair. Never have I witnessed such furious passion as was then exhibited in that great city. The smell of blood was in the air. Clemenceau told me himself he felt confident that, had Zola been acquitted on his trial, instead of being condemned, there would have been a massacre of the Dreyfusards in court. Clemenceau's courageous action throughout this Dreyfus business is one of his highest titles to general respect and admiration.

Yet, when it was all over, Clemenceau, though now elected Senator for the Var, seemed somehow to drift into a political backwater. So much so that when he and my late friend Jean Jaurès came to a little luncheon I gave at Marguery's, not long afterwards, two or three of us talked as we went away of the sad pity it was for the sake of France that a man of his brilliancy and vigor should be shut out from the high positions to which he was fully entitled. This new eclipse was partly due to the fact that he had not long before allowed M. Combes, instead of himself, to assume the Premiership of the Republican *bloc* which he had done so much to bring together and consolidate. But with Clemenceau nothing is certain except the unforeseen. He never changes his opinions, but his methods vary greatly. Within six months of

the day when we thus lamented his retirement he suddenly became Minister of the Interior in M. Sarrien's Cabinet — the first time Clemenceau had ever taken office — and shortly thereafter President of the Council and Prime Minister of France. The great ministry maker and unmaker had become Minister himself, and as an old man took the place from which he had so often ousted others. I say 'as an old man,' but, for that matter, Clemenceau will die young. He is the Peter Pan of French political life.

However, there Clemenceau was at the head of affairs. He had begun his Ministerial career very well by going down and dealing personally with miners on strike and hearing fully their views on the dispute. There seemed every reason to believe that the opinions he had expressed as a publicist in *Les Embuscades de la Vie*, *La Mêlée sociale*, and his articles generally, he would apply as an administrator. Unfortunately, the individualist and law-and-order side of his character then turned itself upon the working classes in more than one department, and with a very harsh aspect. Quite unnecessarily he applied the most stringent measures to strikers at large. He forgot his own view of the hopeless position of the under-dog in our society to-day, and, instead of using state influence to redress the inequalities of opportunity, he considered the dominant minority to be supremely important and gave it the title of 'the public at large.'

That no section of the nation has the right to block, in its own interests, the functioning of the entire community is perfectly sound doctrine. A trade union of workers has no more justification for blackmailing the country in this way than has a trade union of lawyers or doctors. But, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, as

Clemenceau himself had often most caustically pointed out, the men in possession are responsible for bringing things to this pass; and that fact ought to have been seriously taken into account when the organized forces of the state were called out against the producers and distributors of France. Clemenceau greatly weakened his position by his policy at this time, and turned the Socialists, who were then quite ready to co-operate with him, into his permanent enemies. But this did not cause the downfall of his Ministry. For some reason, which has never been fully explained, he thought proper, he, an old Parliamentary hand, to lose his temper in consequence of an attack by M. Delcassé on foreign affairs, and flounced himself out of office with a lightness of heart that did little credit to his head. 'I went in with an umbrella: I come out with a stick,' was not a phrase to conjure with.

So this fine Ismaelitish warrior was once more happy, untrammelled by office, and at large. The many scalps of old time had dried around his girdle and were waiting for companion scalps of the new period to freshen them up. Clemenceau was no more daunted at the collapse of his Ministry than he had been cast down at other crises in his career. He again set to work as political leader of a critical opposition, and journalist of the highest class. In this capacity his brain was as clear, his combinations as formidable, his pen as trenchant as ever. Then came the great war, and this extraordinary man rose at once to the level of the situation. To him Paris and France were and always had been the deities at whose shrine he worshiped. Here the skeptical materialist of science, politics, and sociology became the idealist and the patriot. No one knew better than he

the strength and ambitions of autocratic Germany; no one was more determined to correct the weakness and rouse the enthusiasm of democratic France. Day after day in *L'Homme Libre* and *L'Homme Enchaîné* he exposed the intrigues of the politicians and the financiers as well as the pusillanimity and incompetence of the men at the top. His enemies — the pacifists, pro-Germans, and traitors — were more infuriated against him than ever. But, apart from his denunciations of incapacity, the main policy and strategy which he advocated was sound. Not merely as a Frenchman but as a man of wide views he was convinced that the great battle for democracy must be fought out in Flanders and in France. Therefore he resolutely opposed all dissipation of effort, whether at Salonika or elsewhere. Therefore he used every influence at his disposal to bring England over to his view. We can all see now the desperate need for concentration. Clemenceau saw it and preached it from the very first.

But it was as indispensable to unmask and crush treachery at home as it was to uphold *la Patrie* against attack from abroad. In France, as in England, 'the Unseen Hand' was playing a foul game at the expense of all that Frenchmen hold dear. Those who took part in this secret infamy were attacked and denounced by Clemenceau with almost inspired vigor. He displayed his highest qualities in a noble cause. Things grew so hot that no government could stand against his diatribes, unless it was willing to take order with the scoundrels who were selling the men at the front to the enemy. Yet not a statesman in France was willing to shoulder this tremendous responsibility. Clemenceau at seventy-six was much disinclined to take office: it was forced

upon him, and he accepted it. The Socialists went quite wild against him, and the Radicals were themselves more than doubtful of his success. Shrewd judges of public opinion openly declared his Ministry could not last three months. But courage, frankness, and good faith, when backed by relentless determination and the genius that blazes up in the day of difficulty, go far.

Bolo shot: Caillaux in jail: the *Bonnet Rouge* gang tried for their lives: the wretched intrigue with poor subservient Austria exposed; a new spirit breathed into all public affairs; the army reassured by his personal presence and unfailing resolve that the splendid capacity and intrepidity of all ranks at the front shall not be sacrificed by treachery and cowardice at the rear: the Allies, like France herself, at last convinced that they have discovered a man. Such is the stirring work that Clemenceau has done during the past few months.

So to-day Clemenceau is the demo-

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cratic dictator of the French Republic as no man has been for more than a century. With the enemy in overwhelming numbers close to Amiens and within a few miles of Calais, with the German armies decreeing the permanent subjugation of the territories they occupy East and West, the great French nation feels more confident of its future than at any moment since the victories won around Verdun. To every question Clemenceau's answer is: 'Je fais le guerre. Je fais le guerre. Je fais le guerre.' On both sides of the Atlantic, as on both sides of the Channel, knowing the United States and Great Britain by personal experience, and speaking and writing English well, he is a tower of strength to the forces of democracy, and a very present help to all who are resolved to break down German militarism forever. May we Englishmen in this time of difficulty and danger yet bring forth a statesman of the character and genius of Georges Clemenceau!

THE TWO CARLYLES

BY G. M. TREVELYAN

'THESE are the times that try men's souls,' and there are some writers who seem to speak to the times. Others we seek out as distractions to make us forget the terrible present, and as such they are then thrice welcome; the greatest of these is Shakespeare. But some old authors when we read them seem to stand at our side, urging us to hold on and do our

duty. Among these are Milton, and Meredith, but most of all Carlyle. Whatever the subject — *Sartor*, the *Diamond Necklace*, the essay on Scott or Johnson — it is all the same. The man speaks through his theme, however apparently remote to the war; he seems to understand these our times of grim necessity and primitive trial of the utmost qualities of men

and nations. When you read Carlyle *you feel you will never give in.*

His admirers need have no fear that the charge of 'pro-Germanism' rendering him at present suspect to good citizens will have any ultimate effect save to make his influence more purely good, and the public more discriminating in regard to one whom they ignorantly worshiped. We who truly loved him have long ago cloven our Carlyle in twain and thrown away the worser half of his doctrine, have strongly differentiated *Sartor*, the *French Revolution*, and *Past and Present* from those most entertaining but immoral works of his old age, *Frederick* and *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. This sifting process, that every true Carlylean has long ago done for himself, the world of journalism and broad rumor is now at last engaged in doing for that portion of the public which knows great authors and their doctrines only by what it reads of them in journals and magazines. For this let the war be thanked.

Ever since Carlyle's death his name has been coupled with Darwin's in argument for every bit of Prussian brutality that any Anglo-Saxon wished to commit under the sun. This was to put a gloss upon the text of Darwin; but from Carlyle's later works chapter and verse for the whole doctrine of force could warrantably be quoted. Some 'imperialists,' of a brand now fortunately gone obsolete, used twenty years ago to quote the sage of Chelsea against all counsels of humanity and common sense. Now that our imperialism stands for the opposite of all this, and is engaged in doubtful death struggle with Prussianism on behalf of democracy, humanity, and peace, those who think of eternal literature in terms of daily journalism hasten to shake off the dust of Chelsea from their feet. Able

editors, who most often quoted with approval what was worst and most Prussian in Carlyle, are now the hottest against him.

He is being properly punished. We who love him can afford to wait. In time the public, who cannot permanently do without Carlyle, the most picturesque personality in our literature except Dr. Johnson, will learn to think of him as the author of *Sartor* and the other works that he wrote in his prime before he grew old and sour. Then they will discover that there lived, before 1850, a Carlyle of whom the journalists never told them; a poet tender as Shakespeare in his loving pity for all men; full of humorous charity for their failings, faults, and vanities; strong in sympathy with the poor and in just anger with their oppressors; one who was able, within forty years of the outbreak of the French Revolution, to write the first and still the only interpretation of it which by reason of human insight and sympathy set those once loud events, now fallen so silent, fixed forever in their place under the eternal stars.

The fireship is old France, the old French form of life, her crew a generation of men. Wild are their cries and their ragings there, like spirits tormented in that flame. But, on the whole, are they not gone, O reader? Their fireship and they, frightening the world, have sailed away; its flames and its thunders quite away, into the deep of Time. One thing therefore History will do: pity them all, for it went hard with them all.

That is not everything there is to be said about the French Revolution, nor everything that Carlyle had to say; but it is the last word on it, and it is good to think that some day it will be the last word upon us also, writhing in our more terrible fireship of a whole world aflame. Mercifully we too, like

Girondin and Jacobin, shall some day have 'sailed away, our fireship and we, into the deep of Time.' And then may someone as tender as Carlyle write with as deep an understanding of us too in our human weakness and splendor, our generous hopes soon baffled by our follies, our 'screech-owlish debates and recriminations,' our millions standing together in defiance of death and fate.

There were two Thomas Carlyles. The first, born in 1795 in a stone-mason's house in Ecclefechan, manfully struggled out through poverty and ill-health to the appointed destiny of his genius, as he has described by proxy in *Sartor* and in his matchless essay on Dr. Johnson. In the era of the Reform Bill he wrote *Sartor* and the *French Revolution*, sprang suddenly to fame at the age of forty-one, left in 1845 *Past and Present* as his last will and testament to the British people, and vanished like his Teufelsdröckh, no man knows whither.

The second Thomas Carlyle, by many confused with and by some more strangely preferred to the first, appeared about 1850, wrote in praise of negro slavery, the gospel of force and Frederick the Great, uttering the while complaints, similar to those he had condemned in Byron, about the trivial inconveniences of his own life, after he had obtained all those important goods the lack of which the first Carlyle had borne with silent courage. The second Carlyle lived on the reputation of his predecessor, but maintained it by the caustic style of his speech and writing. He occupied from 1850 to his death in 1881 much the same position among his contemporaries as Dr. Johnson; that is to say, he was acknowledged to be the greatest man by force of wit and character in a generation of great men; he was courted as Johnson was courted, and

growled out to those who were admitted to his presence talk as well worth hearing as Johnson's, though the political and literary theories it contained were as false as the Doctor's. To posterity, Carlyle's own writings are a substitute for Boswell. This was fortunate, for Froude could do nothing but solemnly reproduce all the most pernicious of his master's doctrines, stripped of his wit and genius.

Properly speaking, the first Thomas Carlyle was not a 'Victorian.' He had 'an age' of his own, between the time of Shelley and Byron and the Victorians proper. He 'flourished' in the 'thirties, and breathes the manful sense of the Reform Bill struggle. While Britain was convulsing itself in that most successful of all its crises since 1688, the unknown Scotchman, in frugal seclusion with that wonderful Jane of his, was practising 'plain living and high thinking' up among the moorland winds of Craigenputtock. In that solitude the future eulogist of Frederick the Great wrote as follows:

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'Natural Enemies' of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at

length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxta-position, and Thirly stands fronting Thirly, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, 'what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!'—In that fiction of the English Smollett, it is true, the final cessation of war is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two natural enemies, in person, take each a tobacco pipe, filled with brimstone; light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in: but from such predicted Peace Era, what blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may still divide us! (*Sartor*, II, 8.)

The future prophet of the gospel of force wrote thus:

With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man; with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes!—Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one: like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Step-dame; Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavors, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the

porch of that 'Sanctuary of Sorrow'; by strange, steep ways, had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the 'Divine Depth of Sorrow' lie disclosed to me. (*Sartor*, II, 9.)

There were indeed two Carlyles. But the one cannot wholly escape responsibility for the other, any more than Dr. Jekyll could wash his hands of Mr. Hyde. Mr. Shaw has told us that he himself perishes and is remade phoenix-like once in every eight years; yet at least he seems to come up very much the same bird each time. But Carlyle in 1870 is not the same as the Carlyle of 1830; Teufelsdröckh, though German by name, would not have mocked or triumphed over suffering France or any other human tragedy. There is more difference of nature between the two Carlyles than between even the two Burkes, though nothing is more certain than that, if the American Revolution had broken out in 1793 instead of 1776, the later Burke would have turned the hose pipe of his celestial vitriol on to the appearance of 'Jacobinism' and 'Paineism' among the 'swinish multitude' across the Atlantic.

The next point of interest is to examine the process by which the first Carlyle was gradually transformed into the second. Much, I am sure, was due to physical and physiological change wrought in him by advancing years. This was the chief, though possibly not the only, reason why Wordsworth wrote glorious poetry between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, and mild verses for Sunday schools from thirty-five to eighty, with appalling results on the large volume known and loved by us as his *Poetical Works*. 'The unimaginable touch of time'* affected Carlyle differently but no less

*That I confess was written by the later Wordsworth.

strongly. His style and humor were little affected; it was his temper and his doctrines that suffered. His later doctrines are the vent he found for the ill temper of his declining years, a dyspeptic old man's failure to endure the diseases his flesh was heir to with the stern but kindly courage with which he had borne them in his youth. After all, the first Carlyle was fifty years of age before he passed away.

The transition stage between the first and second Carlyle is found in the man who wrote *Oliver Cromwell*. In that book we can see the first Carlyle passing into the second, and can trace the process. The subject he had in hand was peculiarly adapted to hasten the change. The figure of Cromwell was to Carlyle a great opportunity and a great temptation. He rose to the opportunity and he yielded to the temptation. Carlyle did much good to Cromwell, but Cromwell did much harm to Carlyle. Carlyle established Oliver's greatness of soul as an historical fact, hidden from previous historians. The Cromwell as hypocrite, even the Caesar-like Cromwell of Marvell's Ode, are no longer believed in by students or by the world at large. What Cromwell was in his inner heart Carlyle has made clear to us. But what he was objectively to his fellow countrymen Carlyle did not see. For that we must go to Gardiner and Professor Firth. The true Oliver, overthrowing Charles's tyranny and then saving England from the fate of Russia to-day, but otherwise able to leave no permanent institutions, except the disastrous 'settlement' of Ireland; an earnest soul, struggling and erring, succeeding and failing in the grip of impossible circumstances, was misrepresented to us by Carlyle as a perfect hero, always right in a world of fools and knaves.

Carlyle was tempted by hero wor-

ship, a noble doctrine, towards the base belief in the doctrine of force. Oliver was his primrose path which he followed till he reached the hell flames of Frederick. The doctrine that one strong man is likely to be right and all a whole world or nation wrong, and that it is well that he should rule them by the sword, is a bad doctrine. It is not the doctrine of William the Silent, of Washington, of Cavour, or of Lincoln. It is the doctrine of Strafford, of Frederick, of Napoleon, and of Bismarck. The story of the Protector, though not really an argument in favor of this doctrine if we consider the events of the Restoration, nevertheless is the only tale in history that can make the doctrine appear attractive to generous spirits. Carlyle, drawn to what was good in Cromwell by his own Puritan upbringing, and to what was bad in Cromwell by an invalid's increasing impatience with all his own contemporaries, yielded to the temptation to think his hero invariably right, and all his hero's contemporaries wrong. This facile habit of judging complicated problems marred his judgment and his feelings, and he never recovered his former sanity.

This disastrous change in Carlyle's outlook on his fellow men, which thenceforth disabled him much as an historian, and altogether as a teacher of ethics, can be traced stage by stage in his writings between 1840 and 1850. When he lectured 'On Heroes' in 1840, the seeds of the evil were there, but, as yet, undeveloped; he was still essentially the Carlyle of *Sartor*. In 1850, when he published *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, the vicious process is complete; he is already the second Carlyle, almost a misanthrope, and politically altogether a 'Prussian.' The stages of this process are worth the tracing.

In 1843 he published the last work

of his great period — *Past and Present*. One fault, pardonable in the book itself, but ominous of later developments of the 'strong man' theory, is a readiness to approve every act of his hero. Abbot Samson was clearly a hero, and, on the whole, of the right kind; but equally clearly some of his acts, even as Carlyle tells them, were those of a mediæval Abbot grasping everything for Mother Church. But such is the force of hero worship, that his every act is sacred to his ultra-protestant biographer. Another criticism that could be made of *Past and Present*, which has perhaps done more than any other single volume to better 'the condition of England,' is that, while he analyzes the evils of his own day in a manner then as novel as it was true, his remedies consist too much of a cry for 'leadership,' 'captains of industry,' and so forth, and not enough in any hope in the mass of the people acting in Committees, Trade Unions, Coöperative Societies, and in the general effect of education and democracy. In that also we may detect the origins of manifold aberrations in his later years. But *Past and Present* is a noble book.

The real turning point in Carlyle's outlook on life occurred in the course of his study of Stuart England. He began to work seriously on that subject in the early 'forties, originally with the intention of writing, not a Life of Cromwell, but a history of the English during the early Stuart period. He wrote some chapters and threw them aside to engage upon Cromwell alone. Those rejected chapters were posthumously published in 1898 as his *Historical Sketches*.^{*} Though 'sketchy,' these fragments are in one sense far more truly 'historical' than the finished portrait of the Protector.

^{*}See also in his *Essays*, 'Two hundred and fifty years ago. Dueling,' and his note to the title.

For they still retain that quality of Carlyle's earlier work, especially of the *French Revolution*, — sympathetic understanding of a whole generation of men in all their various activities. It is this quality which is most conspicuously lacking in Carlyle's later work, beginning with his *Cromwell* (1845), where everyone else of that great generation is misunderstood and abused because everyone at one point or another opposed the will of the hero. The *Historical Sketches* are fragments of a noble epic on the English race. Carlyle abandoned it to write the life of one Englishman, and to prove all other Englishmen fools or knaves fit only to be ruled by him if they had but known it. In comparing the two books a radical change of view can be detected. When Carlyle threw his 'sketches' aside, he abandoned his highest calling for a lower aim. The eyes of his spirit were already so far dimmed with age, that he felt he could no longer embrace the larger vision of all England, but only of Cromwell. He lavished on a hero what was meant for mankind. He lost forever the Shakespearean breadth and insight born of love, which had till then dedicated his mighty powers wholly to the good of men.

That he would ever descend from English Oliver to the cynical heartlessness of Frederick was scarcely yet to be foreseen. But anyone studying the Irish chapters in *Cromwell* can scarcely be surprised. No figure less noble than Oliver's would have beguiled Carlyle into irreflective approval of all the acts of a fellow creature. But once that fatal attitude has been adopted, 'settlements' of Ireland, seizures of Silesia, and partitions of Poland are as nothing. Once the dismissal of the Rump is made matter of rejoicing to the biographer rather than a bitter necessity, as it seemed to the

man who did it, it is easy to despise all Parliaments as 'talking shops,' and all quiet, prosaic attempts to reach agreement among men as unworthy of the heroic Muse.

Carlyle was the most historically minded of all historians, at least in this sense, that the facts of the past were to him of more spiritual importance than any fiction, and moved him as much as the facts of his own experience. His contempt for poetry and fiction, which entirely vitiates his literary judgments as such, was an error growing out of his abnormal depth of feeling for the real personal life of the past. That feeling was itself a reflex of his equally intense feeling for the personal life of the present. To see a working woman stand waiting for her husband at the station moved him far more than the poems of Keats or Shelley. But the women who waited for their husbands to come back from the plough in Stuart or Plantagenet times were just as real to him. He longed passionately to 'lift the curtain of night' fallen over the dead centuries and see our fore-runners also face to face. That was the prime motive of his interest in history. His attraction to history was not mainly ethical or philosophic, still less scientific, but pure human. History was to him 'the essence of innumerable biographies.' This passionate human sympathy with the individual men and women of the poor, struggling human race lies at the root of his value as an historian. His famous 'graphic' qualities drew thence their inspiration.

To Carlyle it never ceased to be a fresh daily wonder and mystery that although each of the countless myriads of the past 'have been swallowed up of time, and there remains no wreck of them any more,' yet each of these had once been as actual and as full of ripe living force as we who live to-day,

ourselves about to vanish no less utterly. He not only knew, as we all know, but felt, as we do not all feel, that in point of reality there is nothing to choose between the hour we live in now and two hundred or two thousand years ago. Round this mystery his imagination constantly brooded.

The Elizabethan poets were also possessed by this cycle of thought, one of Shakespeare's most magnificent themes; but the Elizabethans' chief concern was that the present would soon merge in the past and be gone. Carlyle emphasized most the corresponding fact that the past was once as living as the present.

It was partly because the past was as real and as human to him as the present that he was able to apply to it constantly his sense of humor. In that great gift he had an advantage over other historians (for even Gibbon's humor was not human but intellectual). Most historians are too little at home in the past to joke about it. But again and again Carlyle illuminates by a chuckle or guffaw some pompous historical situation only fit to be laughed at, like so many situations in our own daily life, which, after all, is made up of the same stuff as this apparently so solemn 'past.' The 'forked radish' is of all ages, all races, all churches, and all ranks, and is usually laughable enough.

In the essay on 'Biography' (1839) Carlyle revealed the secret of his art:

Let anyone bethink him how impressive the smallest historical *fact* may become, as contrasted with the grandest *fictional event*; what an incalculable force lies for us in this consideration. The Thing which I here hold imaged in my mind did actually occur; was, in very truth, an element in the system of the All, whereof I too form part; had therefore, and has, through all time, an authentic being; is not a dream, but a reality! We ourselves can remember reading, in *Lord Clarendon*, with feelings perhaps somehow accidentally opened to

it,—certainly with a depth of impression strange to us then and now,—that insignificant-looking passage, where Charles, after the battle of Worcester, glides down, with Squire Careless, from the Royal Oak at nightfall, being hungry: how, 'before morning they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof, being a Roman Catholic, was known to Careless.' How this poor drudge, being knocked-up from his snoring, 'carried them into a little barn full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself'; and by and by, not without difficulty, brought His Majesty 'a piece of bread and a great pot of buttermilk,' saying candidly that 'he himself lived by his daily labor, and that what he had brought him was the fare he and his wife had': on which nourishing diet His Majesty, 'staying upon the haymow,' feeds thankfully for two days; and then departs, under new guidance. Singular enough, if we will think of it! This, then, was a genuine flesh-and-blood rustic of the year 1651: he did actually swallow bread and buttermilk (not having ale and bacon), and do field labor: with these hobnailed 'shoes' has sprawled through mud roads in winter, and, jocund or not, driven his team a-field in summer: he made bargains; had chafferings and higgings, now a sore heart, now a glad one; was born; was a son, was a father; toiled in many ways, being forced to it, till the strength was all worn out of him; and then—lay down 'to rest his galled back,' and sleep there till the long-distant morning! How comes it, that he alone of all the British rustics who tilled and lived along with him, on whom the blessed sun on that same 'fifth day of September' was shining, should have chanced to rise on us? We see him but for a moment; for one moment, the blanket of the Night is rent asunder, so that we behold and see, and then closes over him—forever.

... It is well worth the Artist's while to examine for himself what it is that gives such incidents their memorableness; his aim likewise is, above all things, to be *memorable*. Half the effect, we already perceive, depends on the object; on its being *real*, on its being really *seen*. The other half will depend on the observer; and the question now is: How are real objects to be so seen; on what quality of observing, or of style in describing, does this so intense pictorial power depend? Often a slight circumstance contributes curiously to the result; some little, and

perhaps to appearance accidental, feature is presented; a light-gleam, which instantaneously *excites* the mind, and urges it to complete the picture, and evolve the meaning thereof for itself. By critics such light-gleams and their almost magical influence have frequently been noted: but the power to produce such, to select such features as will produce them, is generally treated as a knack, or trick of the trade, a secret for being 'graphic'; whereas these magical feats are, in truth, rather inspirations; and the gift of performing them, which acts unconsciously, without forethought, and as if by nature alone, is properly a *genius* for description.

Thus, for once in his life, does Carlyle stop to analyze his own 'genius for description.' In the next paragraph, surely a very memorable one, he goes on further to define the root of this power that was in him:

One grand, invaluable secret there is, however, which includes all the rest: *To have an open loving heart, and what follows from the possession of such.* This it is that opens the whole mind, quickens every faculty of the intellect to do its fit work, that of *knowing*: and therefrom, by sure consequence, of *vividly uttering-forth*. Other secret for being 'graphic' is there none, worth having: but this is an all sufficient one. See, for example, what a small Boswell can do! Hereby, indeed, is the whole man made a living mirror, wherein the wonders of this ever-wonderful Universe are, in their true light (which is ever a magical, miraculous one) represented, and reflected back on us. It has been said, 'the heart sees farther than the head.'

This 'loving heart,' embracing all mankind in sympathy or at least in pity, beat in Carlyle's own bosom when he wrote his greatest works. As his heart grew colder his power as an historian grew less. His vision became blurred by a habit of hypochondriac misanthropy. But, such is the paradox of genius, or, perhaps, of all human nature, he never in his gruffest years wholly lost that 'loving heart' in his outlook on mankind, even when he most railed at it. He never fell to Swift's level. And so, even in *Fred-*

erick, when he can get away from his accursed hero, he often reveals his 'loving heart' in picturing some memorable, vivid scene of eighteenth-century human life, as if he were still writing from Craigenputtock, or walking over Drumclog moor with young Irvine by his side.

In *Past and Present*, what attracted Carlyle in Monk Jocelyn's chronicle of Abbot Samson was just this loving Boswell-like detail of daily record, that opened a window into the common, human life of the twelfth century itself. But Carlyle, in his scorn of 'fiction,' has omitted to observe how much of the interest of that chronicle as decanted for us in his book is derived from his own powers of imagination expanding the bald statements of the monk. The value of Jocelyn's facts lies not in themselves alone, but also in a whole chain of other facts they suggest to a lively imagination. Thus, for instance, in the account of King John's visit to the monastery, when he and his men ate the monks out of house and home, and left a wretched 'thirteen sterlingii' in recompense, Carlyle says:

King Lackland *was* there, verily he; and did leave these *tredecim sterlingii*, if nothing more, and did live and look in one way or the other, and a whole world was living and looking along with him! There, we say, is the grand peculiarity; the immeasurable one; distinguishing, to a really infinite degree, the poorest historical Fact from all Fiction whatsoever.

And yet the picture of King John's visit has been eked out for us by Carlyle's own excursion into 'poetry' or 'fiction'; on the very same page we have just read:

With Jocelyn's eyes we discern almost nothing of John Lackland. As through a glass darkly, we with our own eyes and appliances, intensely looking, discern at most: A blustering, dissipated, human figure, with a kind of blackguard quality air, in cramoisy velvet, or other uncertain texture, uncertain cut, with much plumage

and fringing; and numerous other human figures of the like; riding abroad with hawks; talking noisy nonsense.

What is this but 'fiction' expanding the historical *data* to give a fuller picture of the past? So, too, in the case of the laborer who gave Prince Charles the buttermilk, the passionate interest he aroused in Carlyle was mainly due to this, that the sudden vision of him suggested all the other million English laborers of that day whom Carlyle, by his imaginative powers of fiction, bodied forth from the given example of this one man of solid fact.

The chief value of one historical fact truly seen is that it sets our imaginations working as to the other like facts of the period which we cannot see, but can imaginatively deduce from the fact given us. The Paston letters inspire Stevenson to write the *Black Arrow*, and enable the rest of us to imagine the rough, vigorous life in a thousand other manors besides those of the Paston family. They repeople every ruined castle for us with living men and women, in whose cheeks the hot blood of the fifteenth century is still coursing. Chaucer's Prologues to the *Canterbury Tales* are, strictly speaking, not 'true'; there may never have been precisely those people on that particular pilgrimage; but the Prologue and some of the Tales enable us to imagine the life of our ancestors of that day in a manner true as well as living. Even Shakespeare's historical plays, though full of monstrous anachronisms and historical errors, do at least make the past live. The borders of 'fact' and 'fiction,' therefore, are not so precise as Carlyle would have us think when he condemns 'fiction.' But when he praises 'fact,' he is right, for he praises it as a poet. And so let us end with his own ending to Jocelyn's chronicle, where the monk's manuscript breaks off:

Magnanimous Samson, his life is but a labor and a journey; a bustling and a justling, till the still Night come. He is sent for again, over sea, to advise King Richard touching certain Peers of England, who had taken the Cross, but never followed it to Palestine; whom the Pope is inquiring after. The magnanimous Abbot makes preparation for departure; departs, and — And Jocelyn's Boswellian Narrative, suddenly shorn through by the scissors of Destiny, ends. There are no words more, but a black line, and leaves of blank paper. Irremediable: the miraculous hand, that held all this theatric-machinery, suddenly quits hold; impenetrable Time Curtains rush down; in the mind's eye all is again dark, void; with loud dinning in the mind's ear, our real phantasmagory of St. Ed-

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mundsbury plunges into the bosom of the Twelfth Century again, and all is over. Monks, Abbot, Hero-worship, Government, Obedience, Cœur-de-Lion and St. Edmund's Shrine, vanish like Mirza's vision; and there is nothing left but a mutilated black Ruin amid green botanic expanses, and oxen, sheep and dilettanti pasturing in their places.

[NOTE.— *The author, not being within reach of any books of reference except three pocket volumes of Carlyle, has been forced to draw largely on memory, but believes that these reflections contain no inaccuracies of a kind to invalidate the argument.*]

THE WEEVILS

BY ZERES

(Concluded)

ANATH BHOSE was a pleasant faced and mildly bespectacled Bengali of middle age. In official life he was, as we have already seen, a clerk in a squadron office of the 44th Lancers; but his unofficial life was the more interesting of the two. A graduate of Cambridge University, an extensive traveler both in Middle Europe and the United States, he spoke three European languages fluently, had specialized to some purpose in inorganic chemistry, and was deeply impregnated with the ideals of cosmopolitan nihilism: That he was content to work ten hours a day upon a salary of £1 per week in a stuffy mud hut at uncongenial tasks connected with simple addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division was doubt-

less merely a proof of his altruistic nature, his modesty, and his affection for the British Government. Most certainly he was a man who believed in hiding his light under a bushel, for his English officers were quite ignorant of his academical attainments, although, as we have already seen, young Magniac had noticed a certain educational superiority that had roused his suspicion.

Behind Anath Bhoose was one of the most powerful secret societies in Asia, which, for reference in this story, we will call the *League of the Protesting Voice*. This organization, that has its lodges scattered over the greater part of the route from San Francisco to Poona, has long been financed not only by blackmail levied upon Indians and

others who fear its power, but also by the German agent, the Irish-American dynamiter, the Calcutta anarchist, and other tail-twisters of the British lion. Its agents are multifarious, and its activities varied; it is divided into departments that specialize in anything from political rhetoric to high explosives, and from gun-running to religious controversy. Its central lodge is a moving tent that may be pitched in Geneva one year and Honolulu the next, and at one period, at least, a Chinaman controlled its destinies.

Between the hidden machinations of such Oriental Machiavellis and the overthrow of the Indian Government stands the simple shrewdness of the Indian peasant and the oft-tested loyalty of the Indian army. Whenever this trust or this loyalty is temporarily shaken by the unscrupulous ingenuity of its technically trained agents, then the League of the Protesting Voice has temporarily scored, and chuckles its satisfaction from Paris to Singapore. For Captain Jennings, Anath Bhowe had the profound contempt of the wary diplomat for the straightforward soldier; but in young Magniac he had instinctively recognized a foeman more worthy of his steel. Major Berkelaye's reputation as an Orientalist was already known to him, and he mentally thanked all the Hindu gods of the calendar in which he had ceased to believe that this too-well-informed officer was away from the regiment. As for the other squadron leaders, a newly-joined subaltern almost ignorant of Hindustani was in temporary command of the second Sikh squadron — Jennings commanded the first — and with the Mohammedans of the regiment the Hindu anarchist had no concern, since there was a great religious gulf between them.

Anath Bhowe had long since finished his tedious drudgery, and, locking up his office, he slipped quietly through the regimental lines as the guardroom clock struck twelve. He plunged into the dark and intricate depths of the native city as one who knew every inch of its tortuous alleyways, until he reached the shadow of an ancient Hindu temple that loomed abruptly above the crazy tenements at its foot. A gloomy burrow of vaulted stone led downwards into the very womb of a dimly lit shrine below, where three pot-bellied Hindu gods, hoary with sin and dreadful with mystery, leered with bestial satisfaction upon all who entered to offer them worship. From the loftier chambers of the hollow bat-haunted dome above came harsh, screechy noises of temple conches and the monotonous patter of the temple girls' dancing feet. Outside, under the diamond and velvet Indian starlight, the harlots upon the darkened roof tops stabbed the stifling gloom with dreary and professional laughter; a pariah dog howled in the street hard by; a sacred bull snuffled its way into the shrine, and a lame monkey fled scampering unevenly across the cold marble pavement. High above the horrid altar itself, and upon the damp wall behind, the eye could just detect a mad riot of flaming frescoes that flickered wildly in the draughty candle light. Here upon the dimly painted stone, obscene monkeys drank from silver goblets; pink stallions pranced over crystal streams; pale scimitars gleamed wickedly amid scenes of scarlet rape; and all the pearls of a jade-green ocean were poured into the naked lap of a delicate gold-lipped god. A sheeted figure crawled from a deep recess in the massive stone wall, and, rising with a stifled yawn, it lit another native wick.

'Has the time yet come?' it asked sleepily.

'The time approaches,' came the brief reply; 'is Jemedar Bhagget Singh here?'

The thin hooded figure extricated itself leisurely from its long gray winding sheet, like some corpse discarding its grave clothes for the Resurrection. The dim watery flame of the cheap farthing lantern revealed a face that was both intellectual and arrogant. Aristocratic, ascetic, and grimly forbidding looking, the tall Brahmin guardian of the shrine towered above the Bengali like an Arabian *Djinn* that had just escaped from its bottle.

'Yes, I am here,' replied a gruff voice from the shadow, and a bearded Sikh officer dressed in mufti revealed himself. The Jemedar's demeanor in the presence of his squadron clerk formed a curious mixture of contempt and awe: even when intriguing with the clever anarchist he could never forget the Bengali babu. That as a Sikh soldier he condescended to identify himself with a seditious movement conceived by a despised and unwelcome race, was due to the fact that the Bengali had cleverly exploited both his wounded pride and his racial cupidity — of which more anon — and also because the modern 'progressive' policy in India of honoring the Anglicized native at the expense of his more conservative brother had long since exasperated the Tory, the farmer, and the soldier in his nature. 'When the English begin to fawn upon the Bengali babu' — so he argued scornfully, after his own direct primitive fashion — 'it is high time for the *Khalsa* * to reconquer the Punjab! And since these Bengalis are as monkeys in cunning, why not use their wits until such time, with the English

*Sikhdom.

gone, as we can cut their throats!'

A certain untoward incident that had occurred when he was on leave had recently increased his growing irritation. A thoughtless young Civil Servant upon whom he had called to pay his respects, and who — like all his service, by nature of their work — was more accustomed to the society of English speaking babus and 'progressives' in general than of conservative Indian gentlemen, had received him simultaneously with a small Punjaubi pleader, entirely ignorant of the outraged feelings of the exclusive landowner at finding himself in such bourgeois society.

The delicacy of the situation had not been relieved by the Subdivisional Officer's linguistic limitations, which had compelled him to direct most of his conversation to the verbose Anglicized lawyer rather than to the simple aristocratic Sikh, and the chaprassis outside had laughed when the Indian officer left the bungalow. Bhagget Singh had not forgotten that laughter. 'It is true that *their* Infantry defeated *ours* at Gujerat,' he had muttered angrily as, mounting his horse, he had galloped away in a rage; 'but what of Chillianwalla, when our Light Horse cut their fat dragoons to pieces!' His use of the words *theirs* and *ours* was alone significant. No longer was he the Indian officer proud of his Imperial commission, but, rather, responding to the primitive call of racial antagonism that had been kindled in his bosom by the *gaucherie* of an unintelligent official, he had reverted to type, and had ridden away from the scene a primitive Sikh chieftain, with black hatred in his heart for the new order that humbled him even while it sat in company with his grandfathers' serfs.

Disdaining the hand that Anath Bhoose had put forward for him to

shake, he reseated himself upon the pavement of the shrine, and coolly drank a concoction of rum and curdled milk from a gleaming brass *lotah*. The Graduate of Cambridge showed no sign that he had noticed this affront, but peered suspiciously at another dim figure that squatted against the feet of the monkey gods. 'And who is this?' he asked.

'Only a poor *sunnyassi*,' replied the Brahmin priest, 'who has just taken a religious vow of complete silence until death.'

'That indeed is lucky for him' remarked the Bengali dryly; 'but turn him out for all that—I take no risks.'

'I cannot refuse shelter to those who demand it of me,' replied the Brahmin with determination, 'else these ones'—and he indicated the monstrous idols—'will be angry. But rest assured, I will answer for him with my own life. He lives close to the gods, and indeed hears not our speech—look!' The *fakir*—for once parted from his *chela*—seemed to justify this statement, for his wide-open eyes were glazed as one who has fallen into an ecstatic trance. Anath Bhoose approached him and raised an eyelid with his slim forefinger. 'Opium,' he remarked cynically, 'so let him remain; and now to work.'

'That piece of play upon the parade ground was cleverly carried out this afternoon, Jemedar Sahib,' he continued in a conciliatory tone, his swift shrewd eyes noting Bhagget Singh's sulkiness.

'And to serve what purpose?' snarled the native officer angrily. 'A monkey trick that has caused my face to be blackened in front of my own squadron by a boy lieutenant!'

'Not so,' replied the Bengali encouragingly. 'It was more than that—namely, a test of the Sahib Log's

stupidity, and so of great import.'

'Stupidity!' scoffed Bhagget Singh. 'Think you that Mainyakk Sahib is a fool not to recognize open insult?'

'No; and now, being forewarned about him, we are forearmed against him. But Jennings Sahib, look you, suspected nothing!'

'True, babu-gee, but there is one other who does.'

'Who is that?'

'The trumpeter, Sodager Singh.'

'What! that child?'

'Even so; for after parade this evening the wife of my syce's brother-in-law heard him hold speech with Mainyakk Sahib, and both your name and mine were spoken in a whisper—the Lieutenant Sahib bending low over his horse's shoulder, his head close to that of the boy, who was pretending to tighten his girths.'

The Bengali paled with anger. 'Then we must act right quickly, Jemedar Sahib, or all is lost. First, make sure that the trumpeter does not leave the lines again tomorrow, lest he should hold further speech with Mainyakk Sahib; and, secondly, the time has come for—what we have often spoken of together.'

'You mean——' began the Jemedar stumblingly.

'I mean that we do not pay you a thousand rupees a month for nothing,' replied the anarchist significantly.

'But, babu-gee——'

'Enough of your "buts"! If, indeed, you care nothing that your enemy Ressaldar Mahmud Khan, the Moslem beggar, was promoted over your head; if, indeed, you have no power over your own Sikhs; and if, indeed, you fear the English, whose lickspittle I believe you still to be—then leave this matter alone!'

'I am no lickspittle of any man,' retorted Bhagget Singh sturdily. 'Also, what I command that will

my men obey—are they not from my own district?—but the time is not yet ripe; and as yet I have only been able to approach twenty men.'

'Who are you to know when the time is ripe?' sneered the Bengali. 'The Sikh buffalo is made for the plough, not for the Council Chamber—for toil, not for thought.'

'And yet,' replied the Sikh soldier suavely, fingering his curved sabre blade, 'I have heard in our books of the cow that killed its Brahmin.'

The Bengali laughed uneasily. 'Why such talk among friends?' he asked smoothly. 'The matter is quite simple. Next week you will make your Sikh squadrons drunk outside the *Dharmasala* * when they assemble for their evening festival, and when roused by rum and by your words against the British Raj a *hallagalla* † will break out. The sign for this I will give myself by destroying the bells of arms of the Moslem squadrons with dynamite; for unless disarmed those treacherous Pathan tribesmen, who are ever an evil, smiling brood, would assuredly rally around their English officers to our great discomfiture. Again, other of our friends will simultaneously explode the artillery magazine, destroy the wireless station, and raise a religious riot among the scum of the city, who will then pour into the European quarter and fire it. The rum I have already made ready in barrels, and with it is mixed some of the drugs of which I spoke before, and which fire the brain with the lust of destruction.'

'But of what avail all this?' said the native officer shrewdly. 'The British Raj will not fall to the ground because of two squadrons of drunken Sikhs, nor do I for one believe that the city will rise against it!'

*Sikh place of worship.

†Disorder—riot.

'True, Sirdar, but there is much hidden behind all this. From the match to the blaze, and from the blaze to the jungle fire; there are others watching Sepahipore, and for such timid ones a bold lead is necessary. Also we now but prepare a path for the King of Germany, who, after destroying the English armies at Kut-el-Amara, is already in Persia on his way to Hindustan, even as Sikander Khan * came aforetime; and I, for one, marvel at your hesitation, because the King of Germany, as all the world knows well, has but recently embraced the Sikh faith.'

'Indeed?' ejaculated Bhagget Singh in surprise. 'I swear that I did not know of this before.'

'Your English officers would have every reason for keeping it from you,' replied Anath Bhowe dryly, 'and also for treating you like a child in other ways—such as shaming you before their own chaprassis.'

The Jemedar rose, flushed with anger and with the air of one who burns his boats. 'That is enough, babu-gee! I have done with the Sahib Log. After all, am I a sweeper that a Mohammedan cattle thief is promoted above me, and a beggarly lawyer allowed to sit in my presence? What now is your bidding that I may do it? But first give me more rum to drink, for it quickens all thought.'

The anarchist smiled sympathetically. 'Shabash! Jemedar Sahib, and soon all the world shall ring with our name. Are you sure of your men if it comes to killing?'

'After hearing the sahibs' deceit about the King of Germany they will assuredly be filled with great anger, and already they are sullen, for they are mocked by the women of the city because they have not been sent to the war. Still they trust Captain

*Alexander the Great.

Jennings, who is a real Bahadur, and they fear Mainyakk Sahib, who knows too much of our ways, and unless we can discredit these two in their eyes the men will never slay them — drunk or sober.'

The Bengali frowned thoughtfully for a minute. 'I see,' he said after a short pause, 'and therefore we must so contrive that —'

But at this moment the excited Dicky leaned forward over the edge of the whispering gallery that dominated the conspirators, and his too loosely tied turban catching against a rusty staple became unwound, and slipping from his head fell into the hollow emptiness below like some white ghost descending into the Pit. It struck and overturned a native lamp that exploded, and which, leaping up with a fierce spurt of flame, threw a vivid, though momentary, glare upon the hitherto shadowy roof above, and in that brief moment of illumination Bhagget Singh looked up, saw, and recognized the face of his English subaltern.

A second later every light in the uncanny building was swiftly extinguished and the temple plunged into utter darkness. Dicky stumbled down the slippery age-worn steps that led to earth again, and piloted by the catlike trumpeter, who had seized his hand the better to guide him, fell suddenly into an ambush at the bottom of the stairway. Here three or four figures closed with him unexpectedly, and bringing him swearing to the ground, proceeded to restrict his immediate activities with a coil of rough hempen rope. He struck out viciously without undue regard for Queensberry rules, but his struggle proving unavailing, he found himself together with the trumpeter unceremoniously bundled into a small

closet hard by, and then heard the key snap in the rusty lock. Outside fragments of a whispered consultation were borne to his ears. 'He's quite safe here,' he heard the old Brahmin say grimly. . . . 'But why not to-night?' . . . The last voice was Bhagget Singh's, and its tone was anything but encouraging. 'Because,' came the cool reply, 'we must dig out the old well before we can safely dispose of his body, and that work cannot be finished before to-morrow evening.' 'Thanks,' said Dicky sarcastically; 'don't hurry on my account!'

Bhagget Singh appeared to be resigned to the delay, for after some further and nearly inaudible conversation, the prisoners in the cupboard heard him and the Bengali take leave of the Brahmin and cross the stone-paved courtyard outside. The Brahmin then addressed some low words to the fakir, who, although taking no part in the struggle, had remained a passive witness of it, and then both men approached the door of the prison in which Dicky and his trumpeter lay.

'Look here, Sodager Singh,' Dicky whispered, having managed to free himself from the hastily tied strands of rope, 'I don't trust your reverend friends a bit, whatever you may say about them only being in with Anath Bhose as a ruse. So stand by to slosh 'em if they come nosing in here! You understand?'

'But indeed, sahib,' began Sodager Singh. The door at that moment swinging open, Dicky listened to no more, but struck out straight from the shoulder at the face of the first figure framed against the starlight. A hearty British *damn!* came from the saintly mouth of the holy fakir, who, reeling against the wall, recovered his balance with difficulty, and then struck a match.

'Hullo, young fellow my lad, so you're playing the Harounel-Raschid stunt too, are you!' gasped the fakir, bubbling with laughter and producing a silver cigarette case from his ragged bosom.

'Good God! Berkelaye, is that you?' cried Dicky in surprise. 'Why the — how the — what the — why are n't you in France?'

'Because, my worthy hero, I'm on a secret political stunt of sorts rounding up these *Ghadr* gentry,' replied the Major, looking most un-Majorlike as he lit his cigarette; 'and as for you, d—n your eyes for blacking one of mine!'

Dicky exploded with silent laughter. 'What fun!' he said naively; 'I don't mean blacking your eye, but the whole show. What a ripping fakir you make. Can't I help too?'

'Yes,' replied the Major — as we will now call the fakir — 'you can, and jolly well will! First, clearly understand that you're dead and buried, and that means you can scarcely be seen in your bungalow for a day or two — it would n't be decent — and, in consequence, you had better stay here in the shrine for the week-end with my old "Brahmin" pal, who's quite good company, as you'll find. Let me introduce you — Lieutenant Mainyakk Sahib, Inspector Mul Singh of the C.I.D. You'll have about three hundred fairies in the shape of the temple girls to keep you company, to say nothing of a thousand or so sacred monkeys as well, so you ought n't to be dull — I'm not! Further, your trumpeter's dead too; are n't you, Sodager Singh?'

Sodager Singh, whose mind was in a whirl at the sudden and miraculous evolution of a sahib from what had previously been a holy and dirty fakir, gasped faintly, and agreed that he was. For all that he knew to the

contrary, he might indeed have left this prosaic life since the beginning of the night's adventure.

'But has n't anyone spotted you?' asked Dicky, eyeing the tattered disguise with admiration.

'No,' replied the Major with satisfaction; 'my *chela* — wait until you see him, he's worth the whole C.I.D. put together! — ran most of the show, and I never opened my mouth unnecessarily. Besides, a *religieux* can be pretty eccentric in this country without causing any comment — that's why I chose the *rôle*. The nearest shave I had was that beastly fox-terrier of yours, who remembered me and came out and wagged his tail in front of your bearer after the latter had set him on to drive me out of your compound! Old Mohamed Din nearly had a fit and retired hurriedly, talking to himself about sorcery and Satan!

'The thing is this,' continued the Major, 'I've got that *bahinshut* Bhagget Singh on toast, and Anath Bhose is equally incriminated also; but I haven't yet got hold of the names of the other of our lads who are mixed up in the show. So far, I don't think that the *Ghadr* has had much luck in the regiment, but that Bengali swine is as cute as you make 'em, telling the men that the Government don't send 'em to the war because it doubts their courage, and cheery sort of yarns like that. Also half the women in the city are in his pay, and laugh at 'em about not being on service when they walk down the bazar of an evening, and you know how sulky a Sikh can get if his dignity's ruffled by his women folk. As far as I can make out, Anath Bhose and Bhagget Singh have approached about twenty of the Sikhs, selecting those who may have some minor regimental grievance that supplies a working basis

for sedition. They hope to raise a shindy during the Sikh festival next week by making all the men tight on hocused liquor and then turning a seditious *Guru* * on to spout to them; as soon as I — or rather, since I am supposed to be a deaf and dumb permanency in the shrine — as soon as Inspector Mul Singh can get the list of names of the men involved in the conspiracy, we'll round 'em all up on parade and hand 'em over to the Civil. We will have the Pathan squadron in the vicinity in case they cut up nasty, but as a matter of fact I don't anticipate the rotters getting much sympathy from the remainder of their squadron, and twenty men can't give much trouble when arrested. And now, lad, that's *that*, and so to bed, as old Pepys puts it!

'Bed?' ejaculated Dicky, eyeing the hard pavement with disfavor. 'What about my kit? Can't I get my bearer to bring my Wolseley valise along to-morrow?'

'Certainly not!' replied the stony-hearted field officer. 'But you can share a nice cool slab of marble altar with me — come along!'

'And does the Colonel know of all this stunt?' asked Dicky, as he investigated the dubious possibilities of the Shrine considered as a dormitory.

'Of course he does,' came the sleepy reply; 'you're not the *only* Sherlock Holmes in Asia!'

The morning of the Wednesday before the Sikh festival dawned sultry and breathless, as Major Berkelaye — now clothed and in his right mind — rode upon the dusty *maidan* accompanied by Dicky Magniac, who had similarly been resurrected from his living tomb in the temple.

The Colonel and the Adjutant were already upon parade, surveying

the efforts of the last-joined ride of recruits in the jumping lane, while up and down the sheep-cutting tracks a squadron of smiling Pathans were unostentatiously trotting the 'measured mile.' To the right of the bells of arms a party of Punjaubi Mohammedans were — also unostentatiously — engaged at aiming drill; and in the further distance, and beyond the road, the regimental rough-riders were long reining some newly-purchased young horses.

The Sikh squadrons were forming up preparatory to riding school, and Jemedar Bhagget Singh, busily engaged in dressing their serried ranks, had his back turned when Dicky first arrived. When he had finished straightening the line he wheeled his horse about, only to come suddenly face to face with what at first sight he mistook for an apparition from the grave.

'Salam Jemedar Sahib!' said Dicky politely, 'nice morning is n't it?'

The Jemedar's face paled as it became suddenly borne in upon him that all his treason was discovered. He made no reply, but sat his horse like a man turned to stone, and at this moment the Colonel came cantering up with a sheet of paper in his hands. Standing up in his stirrup irons, so that all might see and hear him the better, the Colonel slowly read out a list of twenty-two names.

'Sowar Sant Singh?'

'Present, sahib!'

'The walk — march — enough! halt! dismount! Sowars Phul Singh? Chaggat Singh? Lal Singh?' and he read down his black list until the twenty-two conscience-stricken Sikhs were assembled thirty paces in front of their squadrons. Here the officer commanding the Pathan squadron manœuvred it — still unostentatiously

*Sikh spiritual adviser.

— a little closer to the Sikhs. Lastly, the Colonel read out in a very grave voice indeed, the name of Jemadar Bhagget Singh.

The Sikh officer sat staring blankly to his front as one who had not heard the summons, and then soldier-like he made a prompt decision. 'In the name of the one true God, there is no such thing as death!' he quoted bravely from the Sikh Bible; and snatching his light sabre from its slender scabbard, he galloped straight at Dicky Magniac, who happened to be directly in front of him. Dicky, whose own sword was already drawn for ceremonial purposes, dug both spurs home into his charger's flanks and met the onslaught at the canter. The Sikh lunged shrewdly, the English-

man parried as skillfully, and as they both flashed past each other Dicky swung round swiftly in his saddle and drew a deep scarlet backhand cut straight across the nape of his vanishing opponent's neck.

The native officer dropped his sabre, clutched drunkenly at his horse's mane, and ten paces farther on fell heavily to the ground.

He was quite dead when they came to pick him up, and Sodager Singh, dismounting, bestrode the lifeless body with a proprietary smile.

'Those bitten by the Mad Jackal are better thus,' he said grimly, throwing a significant glance at the 'C' squadron clerk, who had incautiously appeared upon parade; 'and now, sahib, what of the Mad Jackal itself?'

Blackwood's Magazine

A POLITICAL VERSAILLES

THE Single Front as a military doctrine was only accepted after many hard lessons. Successive reverses, combined with the unfruitful results of uncoördinated offensives, at last compelled the Allies to accept the inevitable and to place their whole military resources under one controlling mind. We shall have to wait for some time yet before measuring the full advantages of the single command; and we may say in passing that General Foch entered upon his gigantic duties at a moment when the situation had been seriously prejudiced, partly by the defection of Russia and partly by the faulty military policy — or policies — pursued in those unhappy days when the Allies fought as single detached units.

It is not our purpose to reopen the debate upon the single command in its military sense, but rather to invite the governments of the Entente to apply to politics what they have now found essential in the military sphere. If unity in design and in execution is essential to success in active warfare, it is no less essential to good politics. But in order to realize this unity it is not necessary to supersede the sovereign political power of each individual government, but rather to provide a common clearing house and council chamber for their political ideas. Unlike those executive functions of the supreme commander-in-chief, which cannot be faithfully discharged except by a single untrammelled mind acting rapidly on well.

founded principles, the political task of the Allies is to find the highest common measure of their different policies and on the basis of a general agreement founded thereon to build up the whole structure of an acceptable European policy.

The present method is profoundly unsatisfactory. It consists in hurried meetings between the heads of the British, French, and Italian Governments, usually called together in moments of military crisis when the necessary leisure and proper temper for serious political discussion are wanting, and when, therefore, the largest decisions are made with the least political preparation. The result is that in the intervals between these hurried consultations, divergencies of opinion easily arise between one government and another, and may develop into a dissension which would place serious difficulties in the way of common action. We do not minimize all that is being done, both in London and in Paris — both unofficially and semi-officially — to evolve a general policy, expressed in the specific terms of territorial and economic conditions, out of the resounding declarations made from time to time by the spokesmen of the Allies. Indeed, we may point out here that the Allied governments have shown themselves ready to welcome with alacrity any positive policy which bears upon the face of it evidence alike of the care which has been taken in its preparation and of the personal authority of its authors. The attitude of the three Entente governments — and for this purpose we believe we may add the government of Washington — towards the new Adriatic agreement is a most promising sign; for it shows that, while these governments are satisfied that such a movement as the Italo-Slav reconciliation is based

upon sound principle and contributes to the general purpose of the Entente, they are prepared to accept the assistance of unofficial diplomacy. But we must point out that the very alacrity of their welcome to this movement, for instance, shows that they were glad to be rid of the embarrassment of the old secret understanding, and that either they had no time or that the inclination was wanting to reconstruct the problem of the Adriatic on the only permanent basis on which it can rest, namely, that of an understanding between the Italians and the Southern Slavs. We take this instance, partly because we are thoroughly familiar with every detail and every step in the prolonged negotiations which have led to so happy a result, and partly because being practically a *fait accompli* we cannot be accused of embarrassing any government by using it as an illustration. The Adriatic question, however, is only one of many outstanding problems; and, while we are heartily glad to recognize that it has ripened with unexpected rapidity and is now almost assured of a proper solution, other questions still lag far behind.

It is inconceivable that we can have any fruitful policy in Russia unless it is the result of mature deliberation in a consultative body which represents the political unity of the Alliance. Without such frank and cordial coöperation there will be discrepancies and divergencies in policy which may end in fatal conflict. In the case of the Ukraine, for instance, during the past year the governments of London and Paris have pursued different lines and, while Paris burnt her fingers over her Ukraine loan, London is perhaps now beginning to realize the embarrassment of having half-a-dozen divergent lines of official or semi-official diplo-

macy in Russia and elsewhere. The case of Poland, too, is even more critical. Severe pressure is now being brought to bear upon the Poles to accept a solution of the Polish problem which would bind the country firmly to the chariot wheels of *Mittel-europa* and, if the Allies merely pursue a policy of waiting for something to turn up, they will lose the goodwill of Poland and with it perhaps all chance of reestablishing Eastern Europe on foundations of liberty and justice.

A glance over the map will reveal many other territorial problems on which the Entente must ultimately speak with one clear voice. There will be nothing but discord and confusion over the whole African problem, for instance, at the Peace Conference unless the Allies devise beforehand their own well-considered plan of an African settlement, and, since such a settlement is inseparable from the whole economic policy of the Entente nations, there ought to be summoned without delay a new economic conference, including representatives of the United States, at which the whole problem should be reviewed in the light of changed conditions and better knowledge so that the precise and most effective use of the economic weapon may be properly defined. If such discussions were inaugurated at a political Versailles we believe that they would lead the governments concerned straight to the conclusion that behind and above all the outstanding military, economic, and territorial problems, which hang like gigantic storm clouds over the landscape of the war, there is the even vaster question of the international framework, in which the world must live hereafter. Indeed, many of the problems with which we are face to face to-day are actually insoluble

unless the conditions which prevailed before the war are radically changed. The relation between the Colonial empires and the supply of raw materials to the industrial nations of the temperate zone, for instance, cannot be measured simply in terms of the German ill-treatment of the native races, and the statesman who takes a long view will realize that to shut Germany out of Africa without giving her reasonable means for satisfying her economic requirements would be the surest way to provoke a new conflict. In using this illustration we do not suggest the restoration of German colonies, but we do insist that if and when the war ends in the triumph of our principles, colonial territory, especially in Africa, should be held on such a tenure by the occupying power as to forbid its exploitation for purely selfish national purposes. The extreme protectionism which has characterized the colonial policy of certain European powers is not only economically unfruitful but internationally unjust, and if the world is to be freed from the evil effects of its operation the whole basis upon which European powers have administered African territories in the past must be radically altered. The attempt to find a suitable framework for this new conception will lead to the formulation, as a practical political expedient, of a League of Nations. This is the supreme issue on which it is desirable that the governments of the Entente should open discussion in order that they may explore the ground at their leisure and lay out the best avenue of approach towards a new international order.

Fortunately the obstacles to be overcome before a political Rapallo may lead to a political Versailles are not so great as those which lay in the

path of the precedent military form by which ultimately General Foch became commander-in-chief of the Allied Armies in France. The creation of this supreme political council of the Alliance does not entail anything like the same immediate and visible surrender of national sovereignty as in the case of the military

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council at Versailles: but, unless the political chiefs of the allied nations enter upon their task of creating an unassailable political unity as their body armor for the peace conference, firmly realizing that the old days of undisputed national sovereignty in foreign affairs are gone forever, they may find their task too hard for them.

TO AN IMPERIAL PEACEMONGER

BY OWEN SEAMAN

[A new peace offensive is anticipated in the Teuton press.]

FROM where the bounding Hohenzol-
lern Ark

Rides on the high wave's crest
replete with Culture,

Under an empyrean very dark
With flapping wings of eagle and of
vulture,

Your dove, emerging once again,
Investigates the vast inane.

A little soiled and suffering from a cough
Through having been exposed to
various weathers;

Mottled with dabs of paint that won't
come off

Where previous camouflage dis-
guised its feathers —

The tough old bird contrives to wear
A fresh and undefeated air.

Peace hath her own offensives hardly less
Renowned than War's, but not
such likely chances;

For, when upon his battle-front you
press,

The foe must needs respond to your
advances;

Punch

Whereas, when threats of Peace are
made,

No sort of notice need be paid.

Turtles may come, but not, I think,
to stay.

Your War — the one you launched
with *Hoch!* and *Prosit!* —

Found us unready; grown more wise
to-day

We wait the hour when we're pre-
pared to close it;

Time, that was yours, is now our
friend;

And Time and we will fix the
end.

As for this bird, for which we have no
use,

Knowing from Russia what a Ger-
man dove is,

A fowl too apt at playing fast and
loose

Through evil intercourse with car-
rion coveys —

Take back the dirty little Bosch
And see he gets a thorough wash.

THE CHARITY DRUM

CHARITY has never stood in much danger of being seriously injured by those who affect objection to it on principle. So long as voluntary subscriptions and capable administrators are forthcoming, only fools and dreamers will talk of imposing taxes in order to pay for something they already have. Besides which, it is perfectly well understood by all sensible people concerned in the work of charity, and by none better than the recipients, that its voluntary character not only accounts for the patent advantages it offers over public assistance, but is the keystone of the entire structure. If this is a correct conclusion, it follows that whatever tends towards coercion is *pro tanto* an injury to the whole system, whether it results from the activities of charity's open enemies, or from the indiscretion of its too zealous friends. It is of the latter that we desire to offer a few observations in special connection with what we may call the charity drum. This instrument is one which, on suitable occasions and by the right people, is very properly taken down and sounded with excellent effect. No clearer example of its right use can be offered than the annual effort made all over the country on behalf of the British Red Cross Society. Its abuse is manifested when some lesser enterprise, without obtaining any recognized authority and being oblivious to the general convenience of the neighborhood it proposes to tap, steals a march on other established undertakings and suddenly appears with the drum round its neck and a band of urgent house-to-house canvassers at its tail. Such proceedings,

which in practice have a distinct savor of compulsion, find a much more favorable field for exercise in provincial towns than in London. In London the professional organizer of a collection is deprived of several important weapons which can be used with great effect in a country town. He cannot, for instance, assess the Metropolis to the sum he thinks it should provide. It is useless to tell Paddington what he got in Marylebone, for Paddington does not care. And even if he could inform everyone in a Metropolitan borough how much everyone else has given, which he cannot do, the information would be of no interest. In a country town the conditions are different. There is a local newspaper which is carefully read. There is an audience of sorts ready to be excited by any accredited and sufficiently advertised speaker from London. There is a certain feeling against being beaten in anything by a rival town. And published lists of subscriptions are eagerly canvassed. These provincial conditions are perfectly well known and appreciated by the organizers of collections. But we do not suggest that they have been utilized in such a way as to induce the public to give, as a whole and on the whole, more than it can afford. Our point has to do with direction rather than volume. It is that unless the charity drum, as distinguished from quieter calls, is in some way controlled by expressed public opinion in the locality where anyone proposes to beat up a storming party with it, much of the money obtained will not only go where its donors have no real wish to see it, but equally worthy

objects in which they are more directly interested will ultimately suffer.

The growing practice of naming the sum which a district will be expected to give towards any particular effort is a comparatively new feature of philanthropic finance. It has, of course, nothing to do with ultimate limits, such as the ascertained amount of a debt or the cost of a new roof. The idea is 'We are out for all we can get, but *you* must not give us less than so much.' This compelling attitude on the part of the drummer owes much of its reputation, we should imagine, to recent adroitness displayed by the Church of England in connection with its own affairs. The Church having found that diocesan, as opposed to parochial, undertakings were failing for want of funds, hit upon the plan of imposing a quota on every parish. Formerly such things as church building, pensions for clergy, widows, and so forth were provided by the rich men of a diocese. The little men were supposed to have all they could do to keep their own parish funds going. But times have altered. The rich men began to fail the central funds of the diocese, or the necessities of the central funds increased. The little men proved impervious to circulars. The Bishop could not go to lunch with all of them. Something therefore had to be done to compel them to come in. Accordingly Diocesan Boards of Finance were established in order to take over the various diocesan funds and make of them one fund. If a man would not give a guinea to each of separate funds he might be made to give one for division among them all. And this was in fact accomplished by means of the parish quota. So that now any defaulting parish which fails to provide the Diocesan Board of Finance with the amount fixed for it will find

its name against parallel columns in the annual report showing the sum it was required to pay and the sum it actually produced. In the case of many villages this is only another form of gibbeting an individual. It is now proposed to go one better and to set up a Central Board of Church finance. We may expect shortly to see the dioceses themselves assessed in their turn for even more general purposes. Thus, by an all-pervading system of taxation, the effects of individual prejudices among churchmen will in the end be overcome, whether they prove injurious to anything from Foreign Missions to the Church of England Temperance Society. It was not likely that so successful an experiment would have long to wait for the sincerest form of flattery. But mere imitators are apt to overlook conditions which do not please them. The Church, at any rate, maintains discipline in its financial arrangements. No irresponsible committee or individual desiring to collect large funds from Church people for a Church purpose would have any chance of success without the sanction of authority. Every vicar knows the giving capacity of his own congregation and the existing claims upon it. If a turn of the parochial screw is feasible, he will make quite sure that everything is taut on board his own ship before sending the proceeds elsewhere. And if a turn of the diocesan screw is feasible the Bishop will do likewise in his own sphere. It is for that reason that we wish imitators of the assessment method would follow the Church in whole and not only in part.

It may be said that, after all, the more people give the better, and that no such general appeals as we have referred to are ever successfully made on behalf of worthless objects. That

is quite true, but it is not the long view; nor would the managers of old-established charities admit that the question can thus be disposed of. No doubt the subscribing power of a town contracts or expands from year to year according to circumstances and the effect of those circumstances on private purses and public feeling. But if permanent local charities, or local war charities, do not get their proper share of what is going in any year, owing to being elbowed by outsiders or outwitted by a neighbor, they must suffer for it in the future and they will. It is, indeed, rather curious to notice how in a provincial town one and the same man will lash himself into fury at the Town Council over a proposal to incur expenditure equal to a penny rate, but elsewhere will express the amount in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence and call it nothing. In one case which happens to have come to our notice the mainstay of some very energetic public appeals by the Y.M.C.A. in two successive years consisted of men who, as economical town councilors, have suffered considerable criticism owing to parsimony in the payment of municipal employees. Yet the proceeds of those two appeals alone amounted to more than what an eightpenny rate on the entire district would have produced. We have not a word to say against the Y.M.C.A. It is perfectly natural that it should collect all the

money it can get for its good work; and it is no part of its business to assume that people, other than Christian young men, cannot take care of themselves. But whose business is it? The general hospital, the Red Cross hospital, the nursing association, the war supply depôts, the prisoners of war funds and the soldiers' rests, any or all of them, may at any time be in low water and in full reliance on a successful appeal to avoid collapse. As things are, they may wake up any morning to find the wind taken out of their sails by a claimant they had not reckoned with. Surely the proper course in places where this inconvenience has made itself felt is the establishment of a thoroughly representative committee with a full knowledge of the district, its needs, duties, and capacity. Special appeals deserving of such a committee's imprimatur would receive it. Those undeserving, or such as might be required to wait their turn, would be left to take their chance, which, if the organizers proved recalcitrant, would be a poor one. For the loudest drum would find it difficult to drown the excuse that recognized authority must be supported. And such an excuse, though it would doubtless come very readily, would not necessarily imply any desire to save money. It is one thing to give nothing, but quite another to wish that what is given shall go where it is most wanted.

THE SHORTAGE OF THANKS

WHERE animals are concerned it is pathetically true that little gifts foster great friendships. Before the food regulations all the beasts at the Zoo liked the visitors — except those who would have liked to eat the visitors. Things have changed. A week or two ago the present writer was strolling among the cages and enclosures, and was depressed to observe that many of the greedier animals have broken off relations with the public altogether. Only one bear begged of him, and he was a small one with a suggestion of a short-coated retriever about him. Evidently he still had faith in his own power to deceive. 'Surely,' he seemed to say to himself, 'they must soon succumb to my innocent, doglike looks. They cannot hold out much longer. They must at last believe that I do not even know the cause of this sad estrangement and will relent and give me something.' Nothing could be bought for the creatures. Not even a few nuts could be had for the monkeys, and those whom the writer saw were very tart and cold in their demeanor. No paw came through the bars. In fact, he could not but feel afraid that they may be permanently embittered by this shortage of gifts. Charity is a capricious business, they cannot but feel. The elephants were all in their stables. One trumpeted and put his trunk out for a bun, but withdrew it suddenly as if remembering with something of a shock that nothing could now be hoped for. 'Am I losing my memory? I keep thinking they still like me,' was the obvious interpretation of his gesture.

The disappointed visitor who may

give nothing will be inclined to cut short his stay. He feels he has not enjoyed his intercourse with the petted prisoners as much as usual. Is it because he is sorry for them? They are better off, even as things are, than most of their four-footed relations outside. No; the real disappointment lies in his own heart. He has got no thanks, and for thanks — the small change of gratitude — we most of us have a deeply-rooted desire. The very first thing that we teach our children is to say 'Thank you.' They say it before they know what it means, before they can distinguish their right hand from their left. The worst-trained child has that amount of training. The parents know, even if they do not think much about it, that the giving and receiving of thanks is a very essential part of the happiness of life. Before the war it was a frequent subject of lament among the more hygienically and economically inclined philanthropists that the earners of small wages gave an altogether disproportionate amount of their hard-won housekeeping money to their children for the purchase of sweets and fruit. They longed to stop this child-spoiling. Now the philanthropists have got their wish. Poor parents cannot any more indulge their natural instincts in this particular, and will — we may hope — save up to give the children something better worth having, if less acceptable. The present writer has often felt inclined to argue with the philanthropist on the subject of these penny doles from parents to children. The people who give them have not one-tenth of the oppor-

tunities of pleasing their small boys and girls which are possessed by their critics. They want to see the immediate response which the little indulgence calls forth, and that response is something which it must be very hard to go without. To resist the pleasure may result after many weeks in a better pair of boots or a new coat, and the exchange would be no doubt in some sense for the child's 'good,' but in another sense we do not feel so sure. People without time, whose supply of patience is subject to constant overdraft, must take other means than their better-off friends to foster 'friendship' in their children, and have the same right to give expression to their parental affection, and to gratify their natural wish for a quick return in the sight of pleasure. They want the thanks. It is ludicrous to say that love is logical, and where it exists will sacrifice everything to the moral and physical improvement of the beloved. That is the sentiment of a kind step-mother or of any perfectly conscientious person *in loco parentis*, but it is the outcome of a passionless devotion. Children, again, are unreasonable beings. They cannot always recognize their own 'good.' A little gift awakens more love than a big sacrifice sometimes, because they cannot possibly grasp the extent of the latter. 'Everything has been given up for those children, and they show their parents no affection,' we often hear some one say. 'Too much has been done.' But very often the explanation simply is that the little things were never done at all, and the household wheels have not been greased with thanks.

A vast number of people are just now leading what might be called a public life. If they strain every nerve they are doing no more than their

duty. They are part not of a great machine but of a great living organism, and private life has had in some sense to go to the wall. We have — most of us — to ask our friends and relations to excuse our neglect rather than to thank us for our attentions. There is no hospitality and no thanks for it, no little interchange of civilities. Very few little favors can be done, however much irresponsible gossip may suspect favor in high place. We get and give no thanks. The inevitable result of this inevitable sacrifice to duty is a certain feeling of moral hunger. It is as difficult for the sense of benevolence to flourish in a shortage of thanks as it is difficult for physical strength to be maintained in a shortage of foodstuffs. There are substitutes in both cases, and very indigestible they often are. A man can sit and consider how small are his own deserts, how often in the past he has himself shown want of gratitude. These considerations will keep his sense of general benevolence from starving, but, to quote Bunyan, such thoughts are 'bitter to the mouth and cold to the stomach.'

When we talk of 'personal relations' between employers and employed we to a very large extent mean the interchange of thanks on both sides. If employers and employed meet, they are likely to realize how immense is their debt to each other. It is a curious thing that the present wave of democratic feeling and the present rate of wages have not availed to crush the 'tipping' system. The public likes it. It wishes to keep this little opportunity for an interchange of thanks, especially in a time of shortage. Between the various classes in England there has not been since industrialism permeated the country much hospitality. We all incline to

eat with our social equals. This is not quite as it should be. Everyone has a sense that it is not, but the problem of amendment of it is too difficult to be tackled. The *pourboire* is a corrective, and it has now lost all suggestion of alcoholism. Of course the larger number of 'tips' are simply irregular wages, which giver and receiver prefer should remain irregular. We tip a porter in payment of work done; that is, we both pay and thank him. He receives his wage with thanks, and both parties get a little pleasure out of the transaction. This must be true or the system could not be so jealously maintained. Exactly the same thing is true when we tip our friends' servants. They would not like to have higher wages in lieu of presents. No one is grateful for good wages. An employer may stint himself to do his duty by his men, but he will not expect any acknowledgment for so doing. In exactly the same way, a workman may fill his time con-

The Spectator

scientiously, but he will not expect to be thanked for it. Indeed, if he refuses to put in a quarter of an hour's extra work for love now and again, he will get fewer thanks than an unconscientious man who will 'oblige.' This is not fair, but it is a fact, and it comes of the instinctive dislike to the notion that the whole relation between employer and employed should be, as it tends to become whenever numbers make personal intercourse impossible, a mere matter of rule and duty with no cause for a 'Thank you' on either side. There are a few people in the world who boast that they do not want thanks. They would not of course say that in great matters they were indifferent to gratitude, but they do not care for the little give-and-take, the little ritual of 'Please' and 'Thank you,' which acts as a *douceur* in social life. They pride themselves on being perfectly disinterested. They miss a good deal of pleasure, so perhaps their ungracious virtue is its own punishment.

WHAT DOES WILSON WANT?*

BY DR. B. DERNBURG

[This interesting expression of liberal opinion in Germany was called forth by the publication of a book on President Wilson by Professor M. J. Bonn, a distinguished scholar, who spent two years teaching at the University of California.—Editor.]

AMERICA is the hope of our enemies. It is the only belligerent country that has not as yet suffered heavily from the war, and, since the collapse of Russia, it possesses the largest population and the vastest resources of

any nation in the world. The fact that we should be at war with this country seems like a bad dream. We had no coterminous boundaries or conflicting interests. Since most Germans were unable to understand from direct experience and information

* From the *Berliner Tageblatt*, May 26, 1918.

what conceivable grounds for war between Germany and America there could be, and since the latter country owed to many good men of German blood no small part of its prosperity, we have been inclined to mistake symptoms for causes, and to try to explain the fact by external incidents, such as the sinking of the *Lusitania* and *Sussex*, or the blundering note to Mexico; or we try to explain it by catch phrases, such as 'democracy,' 'friendship for England,' 'imperialistic ambitions,' 'commercial hatred.'

Doubtless all these influences have played their part, but they do not go to the heart of the matter, and for this reason it is a good thing that the Director of the Munich Commercial University, Professor Bonn, who was exchange professor at the University of California just before the war and was involuntarily detained in America for two years, should have published this little book of 113 small octavo pages. He here portrays American tendencies as they embody and express themselves in the person of President Wilson. A President of the United States is the actual representative of the policies of the nation, not because the Constitution of the country endows him with special authority, but, because this authority can be exercised by him only so far as he remains in close touch with public sentiment and reproduces its various aspects in his own actions.

In the other belligerent countries these different influences, which are united in hostility to the common enemy, are united into a single political will, through the agency of a coalition cabinet. That is not possible in America, for that country has no cabinet, any more than has the German Empire. The American secretaries are officials and aides of the President and selected by him from

party sympathizers. They are not, however, members of a legislative body and are not responsible to one. They do not appear before the legislature to advocate laws, because they do not draft laws—at least formally. The latter function is performed by the leaders of the party in Congress. Consequently, the President, who is the sole minister, occupies somewhat the position of our imperial chancellor. He is the single centre in which various currents of opinion focus and are accommodated to each other. It is his task to sift these opinions and to assign them their proper weight and relation. He must, through his personal influence and through the means he has of controlling the press, direct opinion. His success depends upon the degree of good fortune with which he carries out these functions.

If we succeed, as we hope to, in winning a complete victory upon the continent, and in distressing England to the utmost by our naval forces, America will remain our principal enemy. America will not be conquered, although we may annihilate armies of several hundred thousand Americans on French soil. Consequently it is very important to ascertain from the policies of that country's President what its real object is. The more remote and the more powerful an opponent is, the more important the diplomatic campaign against it becomes, in comparison with the military campaign. It is usual in America to pay more attention to the voice of the people as expressed in Congress and the public press, than to the utterances of government officers, especially when, as happened with regard to Germany, we assume that the latter are not expressing the wishes and sentiment of the nation at large. In England (*sic*) both the press and parliament exercise this

function far more consciously than they have in our own country. But we can follow a clear course, only if we know what our opponent thinks, what he wishes, and what he can do.

Therefore a careful study, such as Professor Bonn's little book is, is of great value. We should not deceive ourselves as to the fact that we have completely misunderstood the psychology of our opponent from the beginning of the war. Where we expected neutrality, we encountered enmity; where we expected friendship, we met hate; where we looked for comprehension, we found deep-rooted hostile prejudice. How can we do anything so long as this state of ignorance persists? The question may well be raised, whether our opponents are any better informed, whether America has not judged our own country by superficial symptoms and has not exhibited a crass ignorance of German conditions and German manners, which greatly assisted the designs of our enemies. We may well ask whether such expressions as, 'barbarism,' 'autocracy,' 'disregard for treaties,' 'violation of the rights of small nations,' were merely catch-words intended to prejudice the masses who are incapable of independent judgment, or whether they may not perhaps conceal an attitude toward general questions which gives them particular significance in the mouths of our opponents and which makes the latter use these words and employ these phrases with deep conviction. We ought not to assert that the American phraseology is composed of empty expressions, such as 'league of nations,' 'disarmament,' 'arbitration courts,' 'democratization' — which mean nothing. Quite the reverse of this is true. Irrespective of whether these words are justified or not, as to whether they represent practical

or impossible aims, it is our task to study deeply what our opponents mean by such expressions, and such proposals. It is well, too, not to adopt the attitude of people having a monopoly of wisdom, virtue, and justice, but also to assume that, among our opponents, those who control public opinion are frequently actuated by profound convictions and believe honestly that they are serving the future of the world, and the moral standards and peace of coming generations, in the same way that we believe ourselves to be serving these ends.

This policy is the more needed, because the world at present is more disposed than ever before to regard force as the only invincible argument. Force alone is competent to decide between justice and injustice, to establish law and order, to guarantee the freedom of nations, and to bring about peace by overpowering the enemy, and by crushing and annihilating him. Nevertheless, history teaches us that force alone has never accomplished these results. The future of humanity rests upon the reasonableness of nations. We know that art and science are the children of free thought and a peaceful constitution of society. We know that economic prosperity and militarism are fundamentally antagonistic, and that force, when adopted by one side in a controversy, compels all other parties to the controversy to adopt the same measures. There are only these two alternatives: either a world of force, constantly evoking new force, bearing hate and revenge in its bosom, making mankind the slave of warfare, depriving industry of the fruits of its labors, destroying vast treasures, crushing the national and economic life of nations, and substituting arbitrary authority, compulsion, and bondage, for freedom — things which

spell death to moral development and moral responsibility. Or, on the other hand, an agreement among nations, the recognition of equal rights to development and expansion, free opportunity to employ labor in the fields of industry for profitable human ends, universal access for every country to the natural resources of the world, wherever they may be, open roads for the commerce of the world by land and sea, the renunciation of principles of force, and the substitution in their place of institutions based upon the moral consciousness of nations, the lessening of armaments, the peaceful settlement of disputes and a union of all, for maintaining the new order.

But understanding assumes a knowledge of each other. People who do not know each other cannot have understanding. The world is carrying on a diplomatic campaign in its own consciousness. Public opinion under the conditions of sentiment now prevailing necessarily takes a partisan view of the demands of the hour; and it is much more difficult to get a clear vision, which is needed above all things, than it is at times when nations communicate freely with each other.

For this reason it is most essential that a patriotic man like Professor Bonn, who has an intimate knowledge of the situation, should try to show what Wilson desires, in a spirit free from hate, but with sharp criticism, and a clear and unsparing vision of the real facts. For, in the outcome it always proves that one-sidedness and partisanship are poor counselors and that the only reliable guide is an exact knowledge as to what has been, and what is. According to Bonn's account, the President is primarily a champion of an understanding among nations. The means he has employed to obtain this have varied — from

neutrality to war, from attempts at mediation to the exertion of every force in his power. To use the words of the Reichstag resolution of the 19th of July, which can, and will never die as a confession of faith in a moral conception of world-relations, the President is advancing toward 'a peace of understanding and of permanent reconciliation among nations.' He seeks this by the path which we have advocated in our reply to the Pope — a league of nations, disarmament, and freedom of the seas. But it is the will of the world that we should attain this by blood and privation and suffering. We shall not attain this if one group has the power to acquire complete ascendancy over the other, so that it can impose its will, its political conceptions, and its institutions upon the whole earth. Fear that the Central Powers are seeking to accomplish this, and that their political structure necessarily leads to these results has, as a last resort, driven America to war. Our invasion of Belgium, in the opinion of Americans, proved that we were not willing to heed treaties. We find our opponents following the same policy in their treatment of Greece and of neutral countries. In America they believe we are not willing to respect the right of nations to self-determination, since we offered Mexico four and one-half million American citizens, in return for its military assistance. On the other hand, we do not believe in the upright intentions of our opponents in regard to Ireland, India, and Egypt. Germany is charged with violating the rights of small nations in the East, but we cannot overlook the fact that the Entente has for years intimidated the small European neutrals, and has forced them against their will into its own ranks. Our devotion to the idea of a league among

nations, and of a supreme tribunal, having authority over nations, is weakened directly in proportion as one after another of these preliminary conditions, and especially as the hope of a restoration of mutual confidence, disappears. These words are no longer used even as oratorical phrases. The book shows how this change of ideas has occurred in America and the conceptions, influences, and events that have coöperated to produce this intellectual revolution.

Turning farther and farther away from its ideals, hesitatingly permitting the most favorable opportunity to pass by, forced to adopt the war aims of our opponents, America turns more and more as the war is prolonged, toward boundless imperialism based upon force, oppression, and annihilation of its enemies. But the President did not wish this. He has a moral consciousness which he is unwilling to violate. But he erred in his choice of method, because he knows as little about us, and perhaps even less, than we know about him.

Anyone who reads this book attentively and does not let his judgment be influenced by the impressions of the moment and by his prejudices will be convinced that the present system, no matter by what nation it is adopted, cannot restore to the world what the world has lost, and, cannot assure the world against a recurrence of the present frightful experience. He will see that an inner transformation of nations, and a return to the ideals of which we were formerly so proud, and which to-day unhappily are repudiated by the best, will be necessary. He will see that state policies must be inspired with new and broader views, if the nations are to be led out of the confusion and chaos of the present world-catastrophe. A recognition of this fact is now confined to a minority in every country. Everywhere, the mass of the people are driven on by the course of events; but permanent peace will be brought to the world, only by these minorities who are striving to substitute understanding for violence.

WARTIME FINANCE

DECIMAL COINAGE

DECIMAL COINAGE is again before our Legislature in the form of Lord Southwark's Bill which has been recently introduced in the House of Lords. It is hoped that the bill will be sent to a Joint Committee of Lords and Commons, so that the time of Parliament may not form an excuse for allowing it to be shelved.

The bill as at present drafted is agreed by three important bodies,

the Bankers' Institute, the Decimal Association, and the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom. This agreement was the result of many conferences, and appreciation is due to the members of these bodies for being able to achieve agreement where a short time ago so many differences of opinion as to the details of the Bill existed. The movement in favor of the adoption of a decimal system of coinage is one of

some antiquity, beginning as far back as 1824, when it was agreed that the question was one of National convenience. Since that time there has been a growing volume of public opinion in favor of the simplicity of decimal coinage, which has been brought to a crisis by the close association with our Allies in the present war, and also by the iconoclastic destruction of our old methods which we are daily experiencing.

It is somewhat of a shock to find that Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Committee has reported in a faint-hearted manner on Decimal Coinage, and they would appear to have been influenced largely by a memorandum on the subject handed in by Sir John Bradbury, as Secretary to the Treasury. The weight of the commercial and banking world is enthusiastically in favor of the Bill, and it can be justly said that they reflect more accurately the needs of the nation at the present time than a high official of a Government Department.

We learn from Lord Balfour's report that the crux of the question is the alteration in the value of the penny, and that the effect of this change on the great body of wage earners, retail shopkeepers, and their customers would be inexpedient at the present time. This point of view has had careful consideration from those who are in favor of bringing in the bill at once. It is felt that as only in times of peace can we prepare for war, only in times of war can we prepare for peace, and it is hoped that of the many lessons the war has taught us, we shall have learned at least the one of preparedness. As a direct consequence of the war the ground to-day is all prepared for such a change as the bill would bring about. To-day we hear the phrase 'Devaluation of money,' on the lips of every-

one, and especially of the wage earners, who realize that a penny is no longer a penny, but has a purchasing value which is changing and almost incalculable. Decimal Coinage provides for a closer relationship of the smaller coins than exists to-day, as will be seen further on, when the details of the bill are examined. Lord Southwark's Bill, like all great measures, is a short one and simple to understand. It opens by proposing to take the sovereign as a standard coin, to decimalize all inferior coins to three places of decimals, and to call the thousand part of a sovereign a mil-piece. Around this proposal most of the controversy has raged. It will be admitted by most people that it is imperative that the sovereign be retained as the standard of account, and that the supremacy of the British pound sterling should be rigidly maintained before the world. The pound sterling is to-day universally recognized in the settlement of international transactions, and the substitution of any other unit or standard would be an unnecessary surrender of a valuable national asset. If, therefore, we accept the sovereign — the pound sterling — as our monetary standard, it follows that in order to achieve complete decimalization we must go to three places of decimals, instead of two. It is argued that no other country, with the exception of Brazil and Portugal, goes farther than two places, and that we should be wrong if we did not profit by the experience of the many other countries who are using only two places. The argument is not quite clear. We are not trying to attain an international coinage or tokenage. We are only legislating for our own selves and for our own benefit and convenience, and this bill will give us both, without in any way interfering with the benefit

and convenience of other countries who have not the advantage of our world-famous pound sterling. If it is a question of giving up two places of decimals or giving up our pound sterling, surely there can be only one answer. On examination there is very little difference between the two and three place decimal system, when all the figures expressed are regarded. In many cases the figures are the same, the difference lying in the incidence of the decimal point.

Regarding the actual coins proposed, the bill lends itself with facility. The sovereign and the half-sovereign are retained at present. In the silver coins, the crown, half-crown, and three-penny piece go out of usage. The florin piece remains as £.1 or 100 mils; the shilling as £.05, or 50 mils; the sixpence, called a quarter florin, as £.025 or 25 mils, while a new coin called the double florin is proposed with a value of £.2, or 200 mils. When facilities are available new coins will be made bearing the value in large plain figures on the face.

In Clause 3a, powers are sought to make an issue of coin in nickel or other alloy, and in the list of proposed coins are found a ten-mil piece, and a five-mil piece. These would be scalloped on the edge and the dies would be somewhat larger than the half and quarter florin, so that identification would be easy. The convenience of these hygienic nickel coins would be welcomed by everyone.

In copper coins there are four proposed, and while it may be said that they will never all be wanted, it is proposed to give them all a trial, and let their continuance rest on the public usage. The necessity for these closely related copper coins will be of high advantage to our poorer citizens, and will enable them to buy much

closer to the cost value than they can to-day with our existing coinage.

The Saturday Review

INCOME-TAX REFORM

SOME interesting discussions were raised in the House of Commons in the course of the committee stage of the Finance Bill. The arguments against the extra penny stamp on checks were ably marshaled by Mr. Herbert Samuel and other speakers, but were resisted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the tax was finally passed after a division in which 205 votes were cast in its favor and 40 against it. The Chancellor had no difficulty in showing that the argument against the tax on the ground that it will increase inflation was based on a misapprehension as to what inflation means. The tax is certainly not one which in ordinary times could be supported by anyone who is in favor of the development of the admirable banking system which has made this country the envy of the civilized world. At present, however, as the Chancellor showed, there will be little or no temptation to anyone to avoid the extra penny by using cheaper methods of remittance, since it will only be possible to do so in the case of small payments, and in order to do even this time and trouble would be involved, which very few of us now have to spare. It is therefore quite probable that the tax may have very little effect on the use of checks for payments, and, in so far as it does have effect, it will relieve the overworked and depleted bank staffs of clerical labor.

On the subject of the income tax a plea was put forward by Mr. Adamson, Colonel Sir Charles Seeley, and Colonel Thorne for lightening the burden of income tax in so far as it falls on the wage earning classes. Mr.

Adamson contended that in no case has the advance in wages equalled the increase in the cost of living. 'Consequently, persons with small incomes who, for the first time, have been roped in by the lowering of the income tax limit from £150 to £130 are feeling the strain much more severely now than they felt it when the tax was imposed in 1915.' Colonel Thorne stated that he belonged to an economic organization which for thirty years has advocated that no one should be taxed who is receiving less than £300 per annum. He can hardly have expected that the House of Commons would have endorsed this principle, which is directly contrary to the view expressed by so thorough-going an advocate for the rights of the workers as Mr. Philip Snowden. On this subject, on the second reading of the Finance Act on May 14th, Mr. Snowden said that he could imagine 'nothing more harmful to the best interests of the country than that we should have a large section of the community able to influence the policy of the country and yet altogether relieved from financial responsibility for that policy.' Mr. Baldwin answered the contentions of Mr. Adamson and Colonel Thorne very fairly and effectively. 'My Honorable Friend the Member for West Ham,' he said, 'spoke quite naturally when he said that it seems very hard that a man with a family should pay income tax if he had only from £150 to £200 a year. There will be very general sympathy with that, but there is often in dealing with this matter much more sympathy than there is accurate knowledge of what the incidence of the income tax really is to-day.' Mr. Baldwin proceeded to show that a married man with his wife living does not become subject to income tax until his income is more

than £145 a year. If a married man has two small children he goes up to within £5 of £200 a year before he pays income tax. 'Therefore it is quite true to say broadly that any workingman with a small family is exempt from income tax until his income is over £200 a year.' There is also a small allowance for tools, working clothes, and death benefits. An amendment was accepted in principle by the Chancellor which provides that any individual whose income exceeds £800, but does not exceed £1,000, shall be entitled to an abatement of £25 on each child above the number of two.

A much more drastic amendment was moved by Colonel Sir H. Greenwood, to the effect that any individual living with his wife and children which may be under the age of twenty-one years shall have his income divided into equal shares according to the number of members of the family, and the amount of income tax payable should be arrived at as though these shares were separately assessed for the purposes of the act. This, of course, is a radical and drastic alteration in the mode of assessment of income tax, and is designed to relieve its very unfair burden upon those who are doing their duty by the nation by raising families to continue its existence. Sir H. Greenwood pointed out that the amendment would mean that if there were father, mother, and three children in a family, making five units, and the total income of that household was £1,000, under his amendment, if adopted, the assessment would be per capita £200 for each member of the family, instead of £1,000 as it is now. He argued that the underlying principle of the clause that he was moving was that it was an endeavor to assess the income according to the

ability of the income tax payers to pay; and that, as the law stands at present, there is direct discouragement of marriage and parenthood among the income tax paying classes, which cannot be good for the future of the country. He gave an example of a case in a certain community in which there were six doctors, one of whom has eight children and the others have none, and he asked the committee whether a man in this position should pay income tax at the same rate as his fellow practitioners in the same locality. We have on many occasions pressed for the urgency of a reform of the income tax on these lines, a scheme for which was ably drawn up in a book entitled *How to Pay for the War*, published under the auspices of the Fabian Society. The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that he had great sympathy with the amendment, but he could not hold out any hope of being able to accept it now; one effect of it, he said, would be that a man with an income of £1,000 a year and a wife and six children would pay nothing, and that this would be a 'serious blow' to taxation. But such a reform would, in fact, by purging the income tax of an inequity which now mars it, enable it to be used very much more effectively. From the point of view of ability to pay, there is no reason whatever why the bachelor or the childless couple with £1,500 a year should not now pay income tax at the rate of 10s. in the £1; but they cannot be made to do so now because, if such taxation were imposed on an individual with the same income and a large family, he would

be absolutely unable to give it the nurture and education required to make it grow into good citizens. The reform suggested would thus enable the Chancellor to raise far larger amounts by income tax and at the same time remove a great injustice from those deserving members of the community who are perpetuating it. We regret that Sir H. Greenwood did not press his unanswerable arguments still more vigorously, and divide the House on the amendment. The real reason why this obvious reform cannot be accepted is that the Inland Revenue Office thinks that it is too busy with other matters. This is a theory often entertained by government departments until they are told definitely that a certain thing has to be done, and then they find that they can do it quite nicely. For example, a year ago, in his Budget speech, the Chancellor told the House, in arguing against additional taxation, that 'the staff at the disposal of the Treasury is not sufficient to enable us to cope with new taxation.' When he made this statement in the House, he, no doubt, believed it to be true, because he had been told so by his officials, who also, no doubt, believed quite sincerely that it was true. That it was not true is shown by the fact that now, after a year in which the depletion of government offices has made considerable further progress, he is introducing new taxation of a highly technical and complicated kind in the shape of the Luxury Tax, which is, in fact, so complicated that it has been decided to deal with it in a separate bill.

The Economist

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

From the reading of many books about the war, which give vivid views of what is happening 'over there,' or 'out there,' it is rather a relief to have the process reversed and to get some impressions as to how America looks, in war times, to a foreign but friendly observer. *Over Here* by Hector McQuarrie, Lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery (J. B. Lippincott Co.) serves this useful and pleasant purpose and serves it well — permitting the average American to see himself as others see him. Lieutenant McQuarrie, being invalided after the battle of Ypres, was commissioned to come over to this country to inspect munition production, to see what was being done and how, to make reports and give advice, if necessary. Incidentally, he made a friendly study of the American people, as he happened to meet them, with the pleasant result, as he says in his Preface, that he found little to criticize, but much to admire, and much indeed to love. But he has a Scotchman's sense of humor, and he found many things to amuse him. He was more interested in persons than in places, and, except of course officially, more in manners than in munitions. He had a good many diverting experiences, and his account of them has freshness and flavor.

The Tree of Heaven by May Sinclair, with its poignant portrayal of the influence of the Great War on the various members of an English household, naturally suggests comparison with *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. But the plan of Miss Sinclair's story differs radically from that of Mr. Wells's, since it begins nearly twenty years earlier, and traces from child-

hood the characters whose complete development is to be effected by the war. It has more in common with St. John Irvine's *Changing Winds*, and is dominated, like that, by the creative impulse rather than by the didactic. Under her beloved tree of Heaven, in the garden of her spacious old house at Hampstead, is sitting at the opening of *Book I—Peace*, Frances Harrison, aged thirty-two, the wife of the largest timber merchant in England, absorbed in her four fine children, and feeling that the concerns of the nation are not to be compared with her own concerns, and that she honors the *Times* by reading it and the nation by informing herself about its affairs. As for the children, you never could tell what Michael would take it into his head to think, or Nicky into his head to do; John is a mere baby, but Dorothy, oldest of all, has already formed the habit, like her father, of being right nine times out of ten. This persistence, which Frances foresees may become annoying in a daughter, does in *Book II—The Vortex*, land Dorothy in Holloway Gaol, while Nicky, after twice sacrificing himself quixotically for a woman, devotes himself passionately to designs for a moving fortress; Michael becomes one of a group of revolutionary poets; and only John is left to carry out his father's ambitions at the opening of *Book III*, which the author calls *Victory*. In spite of the presence of two thoroughly unpleasant figures—both women—the story moves on a high level, and well repays even a second reading. The point of view of affectionate, conservative parents has seldom been so well presented, sympathetically, and without a touch of caricature. The Macmillan Co.

THE WINDMILL

(A Song of Victory)

BY A. P. H.

Yes, it was all like a garden glowing
 When first we came to the hilltop
 there,

And we laughed to know that the
 Bosch was going,
 And laughed to know that the land
 was fair;

Acre by acre of green fields sleeping,
 Hamlets hid in the tufts of wood,
 And out of the trees were church tow-
 ers peeping,

And away on a hillock the Wind-
 mill stood.

*Then, ah then, 't was a land worth
 winning,*

*And now there is naught but the
 naked clay,*

*But I can remember the Windmill
 spinning,*

*And the four sails shone in the sun
 that day.*

But the guns came after and tore the
 hedges

And stripped the spinneys and
 churned the plain,

And a man walks now on the windy
 ledges

And looks for a feather of green in
 vain;

Acre by acre the sad eye traces
 The rust-red bones of the earth laid
 bare,

And the sign-posts stand in the mar-
 ket-places

To say that a village was builded
 there.

*But better the French fields stark and
 dying*

*Than ripe for a conqueror's fat
 content,*

*And I can remember the mill-sails
 flying,*

*Yet I cheered with the rest when the
 Windmill went.*

Away to the East the grassland surges
 Acre by acre across the line,

And we must go on till the end like
 scourges,

Though the wilderness stretch from
 sea to Rhine;

But I dream some days of a great
 reveille,

When the buds shall burst in the
 Blasted Wood,

And the children chatter in Death-
 Trap Alley,

And a windmill stand where the
 Windmill stood.

*And we that remember the Windmill
 spinning,*

*We may go under, but not in vain,
 For our sons shall come in the new
 beginning*

*And see that the Windmill spins
 again.*

Punch

ST. GEORGE'S DAY—YPRES, 1915

BY HENRY NEWBOLT

To fill the gap, to bear the brunt

With bayonet and with spade,

Four hundred to a four-mile front

Unbacked and undismayed —

What men are these, of what great
 race,

From what old shire or town,

That run with such good will to face
 Death on a Flemish down?

Let be! They bind a broken line;

As men die, so die they.

Land of the free! their life was thine,

It is St. George's Day!

Yet say whose ardor bids them stand

At bay by yonder bank,

Where a boy's voice and a boy's hand

Close up the quivering rank.

Who under those all-shattering skies

Plays out his captain's part

With the last darkness in his eyes

And Domum in his heart?

Let be, let be! In yonder line

All names are burned away.

Land of his love! the fame be thine,

It is St. George's Day!

The Times